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# MEMOIRS

OF

# MISS MARY LYON,

OF

NEW HAVEN, CONN.

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NEW HAVEN:
PUBLISHED BY A. H. MALTBY.
1837.

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# PREFACE.

These Memoirs are not offered to the pious, as affording an interesting variety; or those soul-stirring details, which are found in the life of the active, and successful minister of the Gospel; or of the devoted female missionary.

They are merely presented, as the history of an immortal spirit, from its conversion to God, through its progressive course of sanctification, till it appeared prepared by the influences of the Holy Spirit, to join the society of "the just made perfect" in Heaven.

Truth has been the aim of the compiler, and no attempt made to extenuate the imperfections, or give undue prominence, to the virtues of the subject of these Memoirs; or to represent her otherwise, than she appears in her own writings, or in the recollection of friends, who still cherish her memory, as the sweet perfume of a precious ointment.

Miss Lyon thought herself constitutionally inclined to melancholy; and those natural traits of character possessed by individuals before their conversion, generally remain afterwards, and are still prominent features. Divine grace gives them new bias, directs them to different objects, and employs them in different pursuits. St. Paul after his conversion, still retained his distinctive, native characteristics. Some of the Reformers, and modern missionaries, furnish examples of the same kind. From a native sense of propriety, but more espe-

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cially, from a desire to adorn her profession, the state of her mind was never unseasonably obtruded on any; and her society for an afternoon, or for a visit of weeks, or months, was considered a *favor*, and often solicited. She did not yield to the melancholy, which at times oppressed her; or ever plead it as an excuse, for the omission of duty; or suffer it to paralize her efforts to do good; for hers was a life of activity, and usefulness.

Let not the desponding feeling, occasionally expressed in these Memoirs, be ascribed to religion as its cause; for it was the grace of God, shed abroad in her heart, which restrained, rectified, and overruled it for good. If her exemplary, and disinterested life, is compared with one possessing the same constitutional temperament, but unsustained by the supports of religion, and uninfluenced by its precepts, the transforming power of divine grace, will appear conspicuous.

It is true that the sincere believer has sorrows which the world does not experience; but he has seasons of communion with his heavenly Father, which he would not exchange for millions of worlds. At times he feels the dawnings of celestial peace in his soul, arising from scriptural evidence of his union to Christ; and can adopt the language of the apostle: "The Spirit itself beareth witness with our spirit, that we are the children of God."

With him, death is disarmed of his sting, and he can look forward undismayed to that tremendous day; "When the heavens shall pass away with a great noise, and the elements melt with fervent heat." O! that all those who are feeding on the husks of this world, and who consider the rational confidence and peace of the Christian, as delusions of the imagination, knew by personal experience, "what these things mean."

These pages are now presented to the pious, with the prayers of the compiler, that God would make this humble, but sincere attempt to glorify him, an instrument of their growth in grace. If any should feel an increasing desire to follow this departed saint, wherein she followed Christ, to all the other Christian graces, let them add those for which she was particularly distinguished. Watchfulness, self-denial, and confidence in God.

# ADVERTISEMENT.

Miss Mary Lyon was daughter of Col. Wm. and Mrs. Lois Lyon, of New Haven, Conn.

Her father was remarkable for precocity of talents, and acquired almost in infancy, habits of strict application to whatever demanded his attention, which remained through life, and were apparent in all the various occupations in which he engaged.

His love of literature was never subdued by the pressure of business. His evenings, and at times, part of the night, were devoted to his favorite pursuit.

Col. Lyon respected and supported the institutions of religion, but never connected himself with the professed church of Christ.

Mrs. Lyon was a member of the first Congregational church in N. H. Her love of prayer, and diligent perusal of the Scriptures, were conspicuous traits in her religious character. Debarred, by ill health, for several years from active pursuits, reading the Bible, and prayer, seemed indeed to constitute the business, as well as the enjoyment of her life. Her paternal ancestors were pious, as far as

known. Her grandfather, and father, after lives of usefulness, and obedience to the precepts of the Gospel, died in the triumphs of faith. The former of these venerable men, was deacon of the first Congregational church in N. H., and obtained from his pastor, the honorable appellation of a Nathaniel "in whom was no guile."

Miss Lyon was the fourth of six children; one son, and five daughters, and was born Oct. 7, 1780.

# MEMOIRS OF MARY LYON.

In childhood she was distinguished for veracity, love of order, and attention to what she read, particularly the Scriptures. One example of this kind in a child about five years of age, may be interesting. Her father becoming wearied with a noisy play, in which Mary was engaged, told her to sit down, observing, how would your mamma, or I, appear jumping about the room as you do? Why papa, she replied, do not you remember what the Bible says? "When I was a child, I spake as a child, I understood as a child, I thought as a child: but when I became a man I put away childish things."

Nothing of a religious character marked her early years. At the age of seventeen she was leading a gay and thoughtless life: attached to dress, parties, balls, and other vain amusements of youth. Not far from this period a change took place in her feelings. The world seemed to loose its fascinations,—she experienced a void every where; and all things appeared to be vanity and vexation of spirit. No divine illumination increased in her soul; she discovered her native alienation

from God,—the utter sinfulness of her whole life, and commenced a course of self-righteousness, being at this time ignorant even of the plan of salvation, through the righteousness of Christ. How long this state of mind continued is not known. Some letters written in 1802 and 5, indicate no particular seriousness; but as they exhibit the strength of those endearing affections, which were prominent traits in her character through life, a few extracts will be given.

*Killingworth, Aug.* 21, 1802.

My Dear Sophia :—Uncle M. and his family treat me with the greatest kindness, and my visit has been very agreeable; yet my thoughts are much at home. Every night in my dreams, I make you a visit; and while I am enjoying myself in the East chamber, surrounded by my sisters, and reading Shakespeare, I suddenly open my eyes, and behold I am in K.; and instead of hearing the rattling of carts, wagons, carriages, and stages, the lowing of cows salute my ears.

I can hardly think of Gold and Eli without tears. Tell them to be good boys, and I will endeavor to procure something pretty, and bring it to them when I return.

*Killingworth, Sept.* 6, 1802.

My Dear Sophia :—You will receive this letter very mal-apropos, for I suppose it will find you in

all the bustle and gayety of Commencement. Write soon, and tell me who of our old acquaintance were in N. H. I went last Friday to spend the afternoon with my good old friend Hannah, now Mrs. G. I was delighted with my visit. She had exerted herself much to make preparation for us; and had some of the finest oysters I ever tasted. The happiness she expressed at seeing me there, gave a double relish to her supper. I enjoyed her *homely fare* with rare satisfaction; and felt happier in her little hut under the rock, than ever I did in the ball-room in my life.

I have just heard the sudden death of Mrs. S. Little did she expect so soon to mingle with her parent earth, and resign her lovely features and complexion to the worms for food. But yesterday, *so beautiful!*—now silent, shrouded, mouldering, and sharing the same common resting-place with those, who when living, appeared like another race of mortals, and were perhaps pitied, for the rude neglect of nature. I have been very gloomy since Saturday, occasioned by the sudden death of a man in this village, with *bilious cholic*: but do not mention it to papa.

The father of Mary was subject to severe attacks of this terrible disease. These letters were written during a visit to the family of her maternal

uncle, the Rev. Achilles Mansfield, father to the late Mrs. Susan Huntington, of Boston. Mary was summoned home the latter part of September, to attend the funeral of her little nephew, G.

TO A SISTER IN NEW YORK.

*New Haven, Feb.* 24, 1805.

My Dear Sophia :—Your letters are in some measure a solace for your absence, which, were it not that I think your health and happiness will be increased thereby, would be almost insupportable. But with spring, I hope we shall see you, and I will endeavor to wait with patience till that happy period arrives.

Wednesday evening, Emilia and myself attended the assembly. Among other great characters Mr. —— was there. He has just returned from a trip across the Atlantic,—has visited London and Paris,—seen Napoleon, Josephine, and all the imperial family. He was present at Moreau's trial, &c., and has now returned to illuminate our Western hemisphere. I discover no alteration in him but an increase of importance.

Inconsistent as some of these things appear with a serious state of mind, a few circumstances which are remembered, induce the opinion that she at times experienced much anxiety on the great subject of personal religion.

Early in the year 1805, the Holy Spirit again awakened her conscience. Her convictions of sin were deep and pungent; and for several months her way was through deep waters. The next year the Rev. Moses Stuart was settled over the congregation to which her parents belonged. Under the clear and lucid exhibitions of divine truth, which distinguished the preaching of this gentleman, her mind became calm and decided; and she obtained such evidence of her adoption into the family of the Savior, that she united with his church, August 3d, 1806.

From this period a desire to render herself useful to her fellow beings,—to discharge duty, under all circumstances, and to maintain war with all known sin, appeared to be the fixed purpose of her heart. She realized deeply the extreme selfishness of the human heart, even after conversion, and the consequent necessity of examining her motives, lest some latent selfishness had influenced her mind in actions which appeared disinterested. The subjoined is the substance of conversations with a friend. When I am unable to discover duty between two things, one of which I must choose, I examine my heart, and if I even discover to which I am most inclined, I endeavor to choose the other, as most crossing to the flesh: for the selfishness of the heart is such, it would probably induce us to

consider that the highest duty, which was least self-denying to perform.

At another time, in company with some members of the church to which she belonged, one observed, that it was easy enough in most cases to know duty, but her trial was, an unwillingness to perform it when known. After a moment's pause, Mary replied, I cannot say with truth, that is *my* trial. I *am willing* to do duty, when I know what it is, but sometimes my way appears hedged up entirely. In conversation with a friend afterwards, she remarked, I should not dare act contrary to known duty, even if conscience was out of the question; for God will never suffer such disobedience to pass with impunity. He can give us the desire of our eyes, and make it a source of the deepest sorrow,—creature good, is just what he makes it, and no more.

Speech, she once observed, is considered a great blessing: but when I observe how few persons appear to reflect upon what they are saying, or their accountability for the use of speech, at times it appears to me, as if it could hardly be considered a blessing. In this respect she was very exemplary; and the fear of offending with her tongue, probably occasioned a degree of taciturnity in her later years, which was not observable in her youth. It can hardly be remembered, that she spoke of the

sins or foibles of any one in mixed company, unless circumstances rendered it obviously her duty; and rarely indeed even to confidential friends.

From the hospitality, and social disposition of her father, a large family connection, and the general gayety prevailing in New Haven, she was necessitated to see much company; but this was not her choice, and her visits were generally confined to the family circle. Her calls were on relatives, christian friends, the sick, and the aged, and on strangers from different parts of the United States, who resorted to New Haven in the season of summer, and from whom she, or some member of her father's family, had received acts of kindness. Such calls she considered debts. Watching with the sick, particularly in seasons of prevailing disease, she supposed her special duty; in discharge of which she was not deterred by the contagious nature of the malady, or the general mortality around her.

She partook of no amusement which did not serve to invigorate her system, or improve her mind. Her favorite recreation, was long walks with a few friends, in the beautiful and picturesque suburbs of N. H.; along by the margin of its rivers, or climbing its mountain sides, and surveying the lovely landscape which stretched beneath her; or walking by herself, or a few friends in the new

burying ground, then a favorite resort for the citizens of New Haven.

EXTRACTS FROM HER JOURNAL AND LETTERS.

June 14, 1808. Returned from Killingworth today,—met with pleasant company in the stage, and through the goodness of God, found my dear father and all the beloved family in good health.

Thursday, 16. Spent the evening at aunt L's, with a large party,—did not enjoy it. Indeed company seldom affords me any enjoyment. If happy, my own reflections are my best companions; if unhappy, I dare not seek relief in dissipation. Blessed be God for granting me the privilege of seeking his favor and support, and imploring his guide and protection.

July 2. After a violent thunder-storm the evening is serene and beautiful. The moon, the stars, and indeed the whole face of heaven, present such a picture as the Psalmist was probably contemplating, when he exclaimed: The heavens declare the glory of God, and the firmament showeth his handy work.

July 9. My constant relapses into sin give me just reason to fear I have never entered the strait gate; but thou, Lord, knowest. O! grant me the restraining influences of thy grace.

July 15. This evening I have attended a conference at Mr. D's. I left home with a beating heart and agitated mind, but returned tranquil and

composed,—surely God is all goodness. N. H. is in a state of alarm, two men having died with yellow fever within a few days. May God preserve us from the pestilence that walketh in darkness, and the destruction that wasteth at noon-day.

Aug. 1. This morning I visited my grandmother M——, and after that rambled in the new burying ground until noon. There I saw the memorials of many I formerly knew, and walked over the dust of those with whom I once conversed, and beheld, like myself, pursuing the bubble of earthly enjoyment,—little foreseeing it would burst as we grasped it,—still less considering the importance of securing the joys of religion. Together we devoted our time to the trifles of the passing hour, and eagerly caught at the vain pleasures of youth,—deceived, and deceiving one another. Like leaves in autumn, they have fallen from my side one by one, and I am left to remember, "once they were, and were most dear." God grant that when *my* change comes, I may be enabled by his grace, to meet it with the resignation and faith of a christian.

The individual mentioned here, was the late Mrs. Deborah Mansfield of N. H. In her character were united great energy and decision, with ardent and active piety. With her Mary passed many profitable and pleasant hours; receiving from her such

religious consolation and instruction, as her great experience in divine things enabled her to impart.*

Aug. 5. This evening I quitted company, and retired to weep and pray, for the consolations of the Comforter; and this sweet exercise has not been altogether in vain. O! I know the cause of this distress,—had I no sin I should feel no unhappiness.

Aug. 12. To-day has been a day of trial. Mr. Stuart has been conversing with my sisters, on the subject of their making a public profession of religion. My heart knew how to sympathize with them, remembering my own sensations on passing through that solemn but happy transaction.

Aug. 20. To-day has been a busy, and fatiguing day; but considering the fallen state of man, constant employment is no misfortune. It has doubtless prevented much sin, and is only an evil, when it excites so much care, as to retard our spiritual progress.

Sept. 23. My grandmother Lyon has received a paralytic shock, and her life is in imminent danger.

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* This venerable matron once observed, to a large circle of her descendants, as follows, "I cannot adopt the language which Jacob used, when he was brought before Pharaoh; 'Few, and evil have the days of the years of my life been, &c.' for I have reached a great age, greater than that of my fathers, and have received a multitude of good things, from the hand of my heavenly Benefactor."

I visited her this morning, and shall watch with her to-night.

Nov. 4. This evening my mind has been disturbed, and agitated with those dreadful feelings, which once tortured me almost without intermission, for a long period. My God only knows what is best for me. I desire to submit with *patience* to his blessed will, and to feel, that these mental sufferings are the effects of indwelling sin.

Nov. 7. This evening, I am afraid, my spirits were too high to be innocent. I wish to be serious, as well as cheerful.

Nov. 10. This morning was a morning of trial, how I went through it I am unable to determine; but hope I passed through it without sinning: if not, I pray God to forgive me, and grant me a greater measure of wisdom to discern duty another time, and grace to perform it.

Nov. 20. "The heart is deceitful above all things, and desperately wicked." Strange, that any one can expect a holy God to save such sinful polluted creatures, as mankind evidently are, without the intercessions of a Savior, and the sanctifying influences of the Holy Spirit.

Dec. 2. This evening my father read a description of the opulence and splendor of ancient Athens. But alas! it wanted that "one thing needful," and without this, all its advantages are of small impor-

tance, in the eye of a christian. Its glories are now buried in the dust, its lofty temples destroyed, and the miserable beings who once worshipped within its walls, are now inhabitants of the eternal world.

Dec. 10. O! that I lived more to the glory of my Redeemer. His cross has purchased all our mercies, both for time and eternity,—his sufferings have laid a foundation for our happiness,—his humiliation has prepared a way to our glorification in heaven: and the only conditions he requires of us are, to repent of, and forsake sin, to believe the gospel, and acknowledge him our Savior.

Dec. 21. I have spent this afternoon at Mr. B's, with my mother, sisters, and a number of family connections. Our hearts were pained reflecting on former times, when my dear aunt was alive to welcome us. But I trust she has better companions, and better employments than she had while with us; and that she is now singing the praises of redeeming love, in the mansions of the blessed.

Dec. 22. I wish I could always feel as I ought; then the trifling chagrin, and disappointments of this life, would pass unnoticed. O! how I long to feel that indifference for the concerns of this world, which results from having our treasure, and our hearts in heaven.

Dec. 26. A dreadful suicide has marked this day with gloom and horror. Strange that the aw-

ful act of self-murder should be added to the crimes and calamities of human nature. Our happiness, as well as our duty, require of us entire submission to the divine will: for how can a *dependent* being enjoy peace, without feeling a *willingness* that the blessed Jehovah should overrule all his concerns.

Jan. 1, 1809. The text to-day was, "Prepare to meet thy God." How many of us may need this preparation, before the year expires. Grant, blessed Savior, that I may possess this preparation, and through thy atonement be received into eternal rest.

Jan. 5. This evening I have been very melancholy,—O! that I could be assured of the favor of God, then these misgivings would cease, and my trembling soul would be at rest. Time rolls rapidly along, and I make little or no progress in the christian race,—surely no person ever had so many bad passions with which to contend, or found so little encouragement in struggling with inward sin.

Jan. 30. Yesterday S. and E. were admitted into the visible church of Christ. May God give us all grace, to fulfil our covenant obligations. Mercy surrounds me. If I lived answerably to benefits received, my whole life would be filled up with acts of obedience, and songs of praise and thanksgiving.

Feb. 4. To-day winter rages in all its fury.

Seldom in this latitude, do we experience such intense cold; but blessed be God we are provided with all necessary comforts, and possess the means of assisting others. I have been strongly reminded of Thompson's description of a winter night, and the man perishing in the snow. How many of the unhappy poor are now neglected and forgotten, by the sons and daughters of wealth, who are pursuing their selfish pleasures, unmindful of the miseries of their fellow beings, and wholly regardless of Him who has caused them to differ.

Feb. 15. A sense of past sin destroys my peace! O! that my soul was washed in the blood of the Lamb, that "cleanseth from all sin:" and clothed in the white robe of the Redeemer's righteousness.

This afternoon I have attended the annual meeting of the female charitable society. Though my spirits were depressed, I felt happy in hearing how many daughters of poverty had been relieved by their exertions; and to see the charity children enter the room, comfortably clothed, and apparently grateful to their benefactresses.

Feb. 25. Winter still continues with severity: but those who possess the comforts of life should forbear complaint; and rejoice in the goodness of God; and be ready to communicate to their indigent neighbors. The night is dark and gloomy. But how much more gloomy must it appear to those,

under mental darkness, and whose spirits are wounded. Grant all such, blessed God, the consolations of thy Holy Spirit.

March 16. How fast the seasons roll away, and with them the lamp of life is fast wasting. Shortly it will burn more and more dimly, and finally be extinguished by the hand of death. How difficult I find it to remember, amidst the bustle of life, that I must indeed die.

TO MISS SUSAN MANSFIELD, KILLINGWORTH.

*New Haven, March* 17, 1809.

In this state of being where there is much to suffer, more to perform, and something to enjoy, I know of nothing that has so great a tendency, (I mean of a temporal nature,) to soothe our sorrows, encourage us in the discharge of duty, and enhance our enjoyments, as the sweets of friendship. From habit and principle, I have been for some time past, a stranger to dissipation, and averse to public amusements: but I esteem conversation, society, and the enjoyments arising from friendship, among our greatest temporal blessings. When friendship is based upon christian principles, and cemented by a similarity of sentiments and feelings, it will continue, not only while this brief life is spending, but undoubtedly through the ages of eternity. And there, whatever is wanting, or imperfect here, will be done

away; and the remains of sin and error, which annoy every connection on earth, will be no more. Such I trust dear S. will be ours. Circumstances may separate us; but let us never forget we are both traveling the same road,—have the same work to perform,—and are bound to the same country. May the Father of spirits preserve us, and those we love, from sin and danger; and reunite us in that world, where the children of God will be made pillars in his holy temple, and go no more out forever.

New Haven remains much as when you left us. The attention to religion has not ceased, but I fear declining. How unhappy it is my dear S. that where an uncommon regard is paid to the "one thing needful," there should also be an uncommon zeal exerted in defending or opposing things, acknowledged not essential to salvation, or not clearly revealed; of course no human powers can establish, or overthrow them. Humility teaches her children to leave deep things with God; and christianity bids her followers embrace all as brethren, who bear (not the name only) but in reality, the image of Christ; whether they are of Paul, or Apollos, or Cephas. The disciples of Jesus should "put on *charity*, which is the bond of perfectness," and exercise that spirit of love, meekness, gentleness, and long-suffering, which dwell without measure in the bosom of our blessed Redeemer. Then

distrust and jealousy would give place to confidence and love; and all would strive "to keep the unity of the spirit in the bond of peace."

Perhaps, perfect uniformity of opinion, ought not to be expected, in the present state of the church. Some degree of ignorance, of error, and even of prejudice remains in the hearts of the most enlightened and sanctified christians now on earth: but when the glorious period of the millenium arrives, then darkness will flee away before the Sun of righteousness, and all shall know the truth as it is in Jesus.

TO THE SAME.

*March* 21*st.*

It is difficult to keep the narrrow path, between uncharitable bigotry, on the one hand, and what the world calls liberality, on the other. It is difficult to manifest our abhorrence, for the sins of our fellow beings, in such a way as to convince them, it is their sins we abhor, while we love their persons.

Nothing short of divine illumination, can make this, or any other duty clear and plain. To compare spiritual things with natural: the path of duty sometimes appears like a distinct road, over an open common, with the rays of the meridian sun shining full upon it. Suddenly, the pathway becomes perplexed, runs through a dark wilderness, with scarcely one cheering beam to guide my footsteps.

Our grandmother retains her mental and bodily powers, to a surprising degree; and is still, notwithstanding her great age, a real blessing to her posterity.

March 25. How kind and gracious is the Lord to me, and mine; what constant demands on my gratitude and love,—what constant obligations to obey the God of my salvation. He is the source of all my enjoyments,—the fountain of all my comfort,—the being in whose favor all earthly happiness consists,—without his presence even heaven itself would yield no joy.

March 31. To-day is the annual *fast.* Our national sins are indeed great, and demand a national repentance,—but every christian will feel most concerned to repent of, and reform what he finds sinful in his own heart. Would that I felt more the spirit of my Redeemer. I long to be more gentle, more forgiving, and more patient.

April 27. To-day my feelings have received a shock in hearing the death of poor E. How mysterious are the ways of providence! how strange that one of exemplary virtue and unaffected piety, should be so far given up to despair as to destroy his own life. Surely nothing but sovereign mercy causes me to differ. I am still in the flesh, and may be exposed to the same temptation. "Save Lord or I perish."

April 29. Wherever I go the unhappy death of E. is still present to my mind. This melancholy event has disturbed my feelings to a great degree, and almost shook my faith in the superintending providence of God. But perplexing as this dreadful event is, it is the province of mortals to be humble.

May 1. We are all in affliction in consequence of the alarming state of my mother's health. I strive to compose my mind by thinking we are in the hands of a merciful God, who will do what is right.

May 2. Sorrow weighs down my heart, and induces me to murmur. O! keep me from sin, thou great disposer of all things.

May 6. My mind is more composed,—hope I shall not be called to pass through the same trials again; but if I am, I pray that I may be kept from sinning, and that will be sufficient. My dear mother is restored to customary health.

May 24. To-day New Haven has experienced a slight shock of an earthquake, which occasioned some alarm. But blessed be God, the elements are at his disposal, and obey his voice.

May 27. I find grace so weak (if I have any,) and corruption so strong, that when I "would do good evil is present with me." Last night and to-day I have experienced a struggle in bringing my

proud heart to forgive an injury I received last evening. But I hope by exertion and prayer, through divine grace, I have gotten the victory, and that no resentment remains in my bosom, to disturb my peace. If I were truly humble I should not be so easily wounded, and be more willing to forgive. O! how much there is still in my temper to reform and subdue,—so much, that I sometimes think the work is scarcely begun.

June 8. Spent an agreeable afternoon at aunt L's, with a number of friends I value highly,—I wish I deserved their esteem more. O! how kind is the blessed God to me; and surely if I love any thing, if I know what love is, I do sometimes love my Maker. The example of the world is indeed a dangerous guide; and those who conform to its opinions, its maxims, and its customs are indeed following a blind leader, that will conduct them to the pit.

June 26. This evening I heard some letters read, written by the unfortunate E., a few days before he committed the dreadful deed. They were very little, if at all, marked with gloom, and this circumstance induces me to think his mental disease was sudden and his death not premeditated.

July 4. To-morrow I expect to leave home for several weeks, I pray that God would protect me from sickness and danger, but especially from sin.

TO A SISTER IN NEW HAVEN.

*Killingworth, July* 10, 1809.

My Dear Sophia :—I have been here five days ; were I to judge by my feelings, I should imagine it five weeks. Not that my time passes unpleasantly ; but we are so seldom separated even for a day, I might almost say an hour, that I am inclined to think the constant society of my sisters, necessary to my happiness. Perhaps it is best for friends, sometimes to be absent from each other. The present state of mankind is such, that we are continually exposed to changes ; and few families remain in the same situation, for any considerable length of time. If we suffer ourselves to be dejected at trifling alterations, what shall we do when great trials come ? I have frequently thought we were in this respect, rather unhappy. Our days glide on in such an even tenor, that any little variation in external circumstances, depress our spirits.

We received a letter from Susan, (now Mrs. Huntington.) on Saturday. She wrote us, she had passed through a variety of scenes, sufficient to make a wiser head than hers dizzy. I can readily believe her. Such a contrast to the retired life, to which she has been accustomed in K., must, for a while at least, have a tendency to unsettle her mind. But habit can do any thing, and after a short trial,

the court of St. James, and the wilds of America are about the same. Neither happiness, or misery, is excluded from any place. There is an avenue to every situation on earth, through which both can enter. The part of wisdom is to search out, and enjoy with gratitude the blessings of our lot, and bear with patience and humility, its *unavoidable* evils.

*July* 21*st.*

The above has been written sometime as you will perceive by the date, but as I have nothing better I shall send this. My brain is not very prolific to-night, of course I should not be very entertaining; and Killingworth furnishes little matter for amusement. You must take this, with the liberty that is given to editors of newspapers, by their correspondents, to accept or reject as they think proper; and with this license you cannot complain. Killingworth, as it respects corporeal health, is a second Montpelier, but in point of mental disease, is more like Bedlam. A man and his wife were both seized with distraction a few days before my arrival, and since, a third person has been reduced to the same situation; but all are now better, and will probably recover. This village is certainly peculiar in this respect, and I do not know but I am among the crazy ones myself, to sit writing away here, when it is almost eleven o'clock.

Aug. 31. After an absence of eight weeks, God has kindly restored me to my paternal roof, and the bosom of my family. I have experienced his love and mercy a thousand ways. I have been sorrowful, and He has comforted me,—I have been sick, and He has healed me,—I have sinned, and He has been patient, and forborne to cut me off. What returns can I make for all this undeserved bounty. Alas! when my heart ought to break with penitence for sin, and gratitude for mercies, my affections are cold, and the trifles of this world draw my thoughts from the blessed Giver of all good, in whom alone dwell happiness and safety.

Sept. 4. Heard a sermon this evening on justification by faith. Surely, if any subject is worthy the attention of the sinner, it is this, salvation by grace through faith in Jesus Christ. I find since my return home many things to engage my attention. The duties of my station call for much of my time. Company also demands a portion of every day and evening. I do not live as I wish. It is most difficult to keep a sense of religion on the mind, when oppressed with earthly cares, and surrounded with company.

Sept. 15. The hurry and bustle of Commencement is nearly over, and N. H. begins to wear its usual appearance. My dear cousin Susan spent the week with us, and left us to-day for K.; and next month removes to Boston, to spend the re-

mainder of her days. The pain of parting was in some degree alleviated, by the persuasion that she enjoys the protection of God, and that I also (as I hope) am an object of his care. If we meet in heaven, it matters not in what place we spend the time of our probation.

Saturday, Sept. 16. The peaceful hours of the sabbath are drawing nigh. How ought the heart of the christian to rejoice on the approach of this day; and remember, with never dying gratitude, the resurrection of the blessed Redeemer, and as the sure consequence of that, his own emancipation from the grave.

Miss Lyon, when at home, was in the habit of spending the sabbath in her room, except during her necessary attendance at meals, or when the weather was uncommonly severe. Unnecessary worldly conversation on that day, was painful to her tender and enlightened conscience. She grieved at the departure from the habits of the Pilgrim Fathers, respecting the sanctification of the sabbath, which she witnessed in her native state. Kind and obliging to relatives and friends at other times, yet she would not leave her room to see them on the sabbath, unless their errand was of such a nature it could not with propriety be postponed till the sabbath was closed. She considered a seventh part of the

time, as claimed by the Lord of the sabbath, for his more immediate worship: and as respected his intelligent creatures, she regarded it not merely as a duty thus to employ it, but a high privilege.

Perhaps it might be said, under the guidance of the Holy Spirit, that her eminent attainments in religion, might be principally ascribed to her strict observance of the sabbath, as a season for meditation, self-examination, and prayer.

Sept. 17. My mind has been distressed to-night, respecting the uncertainty of my state before God, and during the sermon, my feelings were almost insupportable. I fear, I have been impatient. If I lived nearer to God, I should not feel these dreadful misgivings.

Sept. 20. This evening I have been to aunt Cook's with a family party, to hear some tunes on the organ. But I felt no disposition to join in the amusement, and returned home very early.

Oct. 7. This is my birth-day, and my God only knows if I shall live to see another. My times are in his hands, my life is continued by his appointments, and I can safely trust all things to his disposal. The blessed Savior has opened a door of hope to sinners, through which they may enter into glory. With such glorious encouragements, how strange that any should despair; and with such motives to

seek a refuge in the rock of ages, how strange that any should remain careless and indifferent. And yet my own heart is stupid, and my affections cold.

Oct. 25. I have retired to my chamber for the night, but with my mind so discomposed, I hardly expect to sleep. O! how distressed I have been to-day. I have wept and prayed,—prayed and wept, and have almost thought that my reason would entirely leave me. Blessed God, grant me submission to thy will in all things, and proportion my strength to my trials.

Oct. 28. My spirits have become more tranquil, and the gloom and agitations of my mind, have in a great degree subsided, and peace is once more returning to my bosom. Happy should I be, if in seasons of trouble, I could feel perfect confidence in God, and commit myself, and all my concerns into his hands, with a perfect willingness to be disposed of according to his plan, and a practical assurance, that all he does is best. This would be a blessed state of mind; but I believe few ever attained it in perfection. There are many trials of such a nature, that we can hardly know the path of duty; and when we find ourselves in this state of darkness, we are prone to think the Lord has hid his light from us, and this for the time destroys our reliance on divine instruction.

Oct. 30. Autumn begins to wear a gloomy as-

pect, and the face of nature appears decayed and withered. Like old age the features still remain, but bloom and beauty are entirely gone. My faith and patience have many trials: but I am also made partaker of innumerable mercies. The long-suffering of God still continues my life, and preserves my health. My hours of sorrow are fewer than I deserve; and I have no cause of complaint, but that I am so unmindful of God's goodness, and so impatient under the pressure of afflictions.

Nov. 5. What a state of doubt I live in, respecting my real character before God,—tossed about, not knowing where to fix, or what conclusion to form of myself. Christ is wisdom, righteousness, sanctification, and redemption to believers. Wisdom in enlightening their minds,—righteousness in justifying them before God,—sanctification in purifying their lives, and redemption in receiving them to glory.

Nov. 22. How really lovely is the character of a christian. What is the praise of man,—the esteem, friendship, and good opinion of all our fellow sinners, compared to the joy of thinking, for *one moment*, that we possess the favor of God? O! did I possess this blessed assurance, I think I could cheerfully resign the enjoyments of the world, resist its allurements, hate its corruptions, and defy its sorrows.

Dec. 3. To-day is communion. How strange, that so sinful as I know myself to be, on an occasion like this, so calculated to move the affections, I should find myself so insensible. If my heart was really stone, it could not, I think, be more cold and stupid. If I feel for a moment as I wish, it is like the gleaming of a meteor instantly gone, and leaves me where it found me. While sitting at the table of the compassionate Jesus, I find unbelief, vanity, and carelessness my bosom companions. Even impious thoughts dare force themselves into my mind, even when my lips taste the sacred symbols. O! it is indeed only the mighty power of God, that can deliver me from this body of sin, and death.

Dec. 14. Spent this evening at aunt L's, with a large party of friends. For a while I enjoyed their conversation, yet experience convinces me that much company is injurious. I generally return languid, and sometimes melancholy. To-night I feel a weight on my spirits. I fear that I have acted improperly; and instead of adorning the doctrine of God my Savior, I have dishonored my christian profession, by idle words, and foolish jesting. The Lord pardon the sins of this day, and of my whole life, for Jesus Christ's sake; to whom be glory forever, amen!

Dec. 27. The God of the seasons has seen fit

to visit us to-day, with a most tremendous storm of snow, hail, wind, and rain. This evening it is dreadful; may the Lord preserve all those who are exposed to the inclemency of the night. Those whom Providence has supplied with the comforts of this life, are especially obligated to glorify the blessed and merciful Donor. How difficult is it to subdue sinful *feelings*, and sinful *thoughts*. I find constant exertion necessary to struggle with impatience, indolence, and a thousand other bosom sins, which are ready every moment to break forth into outward actions. But all things are possible with God; and his grace can purify, even my heart.

Jan. 1, 1810. How rapidly time rolls on,—how short the last year,—so short I hardly know what has become of it, or how employed. This I know; it has been marked with innumerable mercies from God, and on my part sins without number. It is by free grace, and free grace alone, that I continue until now.

Jan. 10. Yesterday the connection between Mr. Stuart and his people was dissolved, and we are now without a pastor. My heart feels this event to be a cross, but I endeavor to submit with composure and resignation. This event has cast a gloom over the church, who feel like sheep without a shepherd. But the great Shepherd of Israel will be our protector, if we confide in his mercy.

It is the prerogative of the blessed God to be omnipresent, and he will remain, and provide for this and other parts of his Zion.

Jan. 11. To-day I have spent at home calmly, but I believe not profitably; for I have wasted some time in idleness, and I know idleness to be a great sin. How blessed are those, whose hearts are renewed by the Holy Spirit, and sanctified by grace. No event appears to them accidental; but they regard all things as under the immediate direction of God. Sickness, they consider as designed for their good, and death as the entrance into a state of safety. The great day of accounts, they anticipate, as the time when God's justice will be vindicated and acknowledged by an assembled world.

Feb. 13. This evening attended the church meeting. The condition of the Africans was brought forward for consideration. They are sinfully neglected, in a country professedly christian, and are ignorant, to a great degree, of the first principles of religion, and the nature of the gospel.

This evening my spirits are depressed, not respecting any thing immediately connected with myself, but the miseries of humanity. What a dreadful evil is sin, when it produces such sorrow and remorse as I have felt and witnessed. God is good, and it is man alone that refuses to be happy, by continuing in sin, and rejecting the Savior.

Feb. 18. Why do I so often go mourning all the day long, and pray in vain for an *abiding* hope? Were I comfortably assured of my good estate, I think, I could go forward with every duty, and defy all opposition. Now I am afraid to rejoice, lest it should be presumption,—afraid to give up my hope, lest it should be ingratitude,—afraid to rebuke sin, lest I should incur the condemnation of the hypocrite,—afraid to direct and guide others, lest I should prove a "blind leader of the blind." O! save me, blessed God, and assist me to do thy will. Enlighten my mind, to discern the true path of duty, and give me grace to pursue it. Help me to do something for the good of others, and let me do nothing displeasing to thee.

Feb. 26. This morning I had a slight turn of raising blood, which would have a natural tendency to agitate the mind, yet the blessed God has granted me a calm and peaceful day. If the dealings of the Almighty produce a right effect on my heart, it is of little consequence whether they are joyous or grievous—all is right. There are many things in the christian scheme of salvation, that cannot be fully comprehended by finite minds; but were it otherwise, where would be room for the exercise of faith? If all were clear, where would be the christian graces of trust and confidence in God?

March 24. I wish I could always do just right,

and escape censure. But this seems impossible. I find I am often blamed for doing what I think right, and as often pass without censure when it is deserved. This consideration ought to render me very humble, and very patient. I have many trials, and many temptations ; but if I knew I acted under them all like a christian, should rest satisfied. Far from being humble, I fear I am impatient, when called to take up the cross : yet how I pray for wisdom to discern the path of duty, and grace to pursue it.

Miss Lyon considered admonition to the impenitent, one branch of christian duty ; and that she was bound by her church covenant, to watch over its members, and warn them with meekness and fidelity, when they were indulging in practices that might have a tendency to wound the cause of Zion. Her efforts of this kind, were not always well received : and others, whose religious attainments were inferior to hers, could not comprehend or appreciate the weighty considerations which pressed upon her conscience, and therefore supposed her advice officious, and that she was overstepping the path of duty. She probably alluded to something of this kind in the above paragraph.

Sabbath morn, April 15. Last Wednesday we heard the death of a friend. The agitation of my mind was so great, that my health for two days suffered materially; but feel more composed this morning, and hope this holy day will prove a season of good things to my soul. What a happy state of mind, is a firm *practical* belief in a superintending providence, and through faith, to resign ourselves, and all our concerns, into the hands of the blessed God, to be disposed of as he thinks best. Could I always feel thus, I should not experience so many dark hours, and so often sink into gloom and despondency under earthly trials.

April 21. I am sensible, I have not passed this day without sin. I have been impatient and angry: and I find also, that I am frequently deceived as to the motive of my actions, and discover on reflection, that they are at least doubtful. Strange that I should so often fall into sin, when I think I strive and pray to be delivered, not from its punishment merely, but its power. The christian life is indeed a warfare, and the way to heaven is narrow, and my path is through much tribulation; for sin and sorrow constantly pursue me, and have I any *certainty* that my peace is made with God?

April 27. I have passed a more tranquil day. I believe the cause of this peace is, that those around

me are rather happier than they were.* I find myself more strongly operated upon by sympathy than I wish, for I hardly know what my own feelings are. I pray God, in his own good time, to dispel these clouds that hang over us.

April 30. Through the mercy of God, I have this day been made partaker of many blessings; and peace appears to be once more returning to my bosom. I have been cheerful, tranquil, and even happy. One thing I know, I am not humble, as I ought to be, in seasons of trouble, and feel not that gratitude which is due the blessed God in days of sunshine and peace. The sin that so easily besets me has not prevailed as much as usual to-day. But if I find one sin in the least subdued, it must be entirely ascribed to the grace of God, and not to my own vain exertions.

May 14. This evening I have attended the nuptials of E. L. I hope the dear girl will be happy in this connection, and all her friends with her. I have been very busy to-day; but have endeavored to avoid sin. It is a happy state of mind, when we are not slothful in business, to be also fervent in spirit, and serve the Lord with zeal and fidelity.

May 20. To-day have finished reading Baxter's

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* Two members of the family, from different causes, were in much affliction at this time.

Saint's Rest. This excellent work deserves the frequent perusal of every christian. Its directions for attaining a heavenly frame of mind, are worthy of trial; and its arguments for such a course, are unanswerable. May God incline my heart to meditate on spiritual things; and in his own good time receive me into that rest, which he has promised to all the sincere followers of Jesus Christ.

May 25. This evening attended a conference at grandmother M's. To-morrow I shall probably leave home for Boston. Whether I ever return my Maker only knows; but if I am a child of his by grace, all other things respecting me are of little importance. If the presence and blessing of God go with me, I am safe, to whatever temptations I may be exposed.

May 26. Providence has seen fit to disappoint me in my projected visit: but the consideration, that all events are under the direction of God should give perfect resignation in all circumstances. This, I doubt not, has all been ordered in wisdom and love.

May 28. Uncle and aunt M., of K., are here. Uncle M. conducted the exercises at the conference this evening, but my thoughts, like the fool's eyes, wandered to the ends of the earth. I do not feel perfectly satisfied with myself, either respecting external circumstances, or internal feelings.

Discontent, unwillingness to submit to cross events, and a sense of having acted without a due regard to God, are surely sufficient to make me uneasy, and of all these I am guilty.

June 2. Summer has once more returned, and the face of nature is again clothed in beauty. How melancholy the reflection, that amidst all the loveliness of the natural world, the moral should be so deformed by sin: and nowhere do I find its desolations so apparent as in my own heart. My own sins, and the sins of others, forbid me the enjoyment of settled peace.

June 11. To-day I have commenced keeping the African school, and have taken charge of it for two weeks. I hope God will bless my feeble attempts to do some good to my fellow mortals, and that whatever I do, may be according to his will.

This school was composed of young colored children, and was undertaken, it is believed, by the recommendation of the late Dr. Dwight. Miss Lyon, and a number of other young ladies, from the most respectable families in New Haven, tendered their services in this self-denying employment. Two young ladies taught the school for two weeks, and were then succeeded by two others. This plan was pursued for a few months; a permanent hired teacher was then procured.

June 15. Passed the day at school very busily. The evening is calm and beautiful beyond description. The full moon passes through the sky with uncommon luster, and all nature wears the appearance of harmony and grandeur. The works of God are all perfect and lovely: but sinful man has sought out many inventions.

June 18. I find my time, and my attention, very much engrossed, (though not unpleasantly,) by my new occupation. The concerns of this life have a great tendency to draw the mind from God, even its lawful and necessary business becomes a snare, unless the soul struggles to repel its influence.

June 22. To-day my mind has been disturbed, and my spirits depressed. This morning provocation made me angry, and since that, (as the sure consequence,) I have felt unhappy and dissatisfied with myself and all around me. I pray God to pardon me, and subdue my sins by his grace.

June 23. The gloom that hung upon my spirits yesterday has subsided. The mercies of God to me are infinite, both as respects this world and the world to come; and the returns I make are unbelief, hardness of heart, and sins of various kinds. The mercies of God are indeed *never-failing*,—every moment of life is a witness of his tender care and long-suffering.

July 5. This afternoon my mind has been con-

siderably agitated, from a number of causes. I firmly believe in the superintending providence of God; and yet practically I seem prone to confine his guardianship to particular places, and almost feel a misgiving fear that the divine care will not protect me everywhere. Yet I will try to trust in God. His mercy is over all his works, and I am the work of his hands. If I confide in his protection, he will preserve me; for his promise stands sure, and he is faithful to keep all those who come unto him through Christ.

The above was written a few days before her departure for Boston. The state of feeling it describes was probably subdued by prayer; as she afterwards observed to a friend in substance as follows: That she felt no misgiving fears respecting a local change; and did not know as she should be agitated if stepping on board a ship to sail for Europe. That if she was safe in Christ, she was safe everywhere; but if otherwise, no place was a place of safety. This absence from home, was doubtless a subject of much prayer, trifling as such an event might appear to the thoughtless; for she was in the practice of "sitting the Lord ever before her, and acknowledging him in all her ways."

TO HER FATHER IN NEW HAVEN.

*Boston, July* 16, 1810.

We arrived here after a passage of five days. On Monday we had a fine wind, and reached Newport before dark. Tuesday we were becalmed, the sea was rough, and the passengers very sick. Wednesday the wind was contrary, and at noon we went on shore at a little island called Nashuan. At night, (a thick fog coming on,) we went on shore at Old-town, or Edgar-town, east end of Martha's Vineyard, where we slept. Thursday went on board about 10 o'clock, A. M., and proceeded to "double the cape;" the wind was fair, and we sailed a hundred miles before night. Louisa* and I sat on deck all the evening, and beheld

> "The light-house seen from afar,
> On the banks of the stormy Cape Cod."

On Friday there was another calm, and the passengers and sailors amused themselves with fishing. L. caught some mackerel, but I was only a spectator. We retired about ten, and on waking in the morning, found ourselves in Boston harbor, surrounded with shipping, and the long wharf in full

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* Miss Shipman, of N. H., married the next spring to the late Dr. Payson, of Portland, Maine.

view. Mr. Huntington and Susan manifested great satisfaction at my arrival.

I have suffered considerably with sea-sickness, but not a moment with fear; and think I should feel no apprehension to take a voyage to Europe. Saturday afternoon, walked through a number of streets. Swift's description of London, would do very well for Boston. "Houses, churches mix'd together, &c." Yesterday I attended worship at the Old South, and in the afternoon heard a sermon on the death of a young gentleman, who was drowned last week in Cambridge. He was well versed in twelve languages, and had made considerable progress in the Chinese. But God has seen fit to remove this second Sir William Jones in the midst of his literary pursuits, and disappoint the expectations of the public. Last evening I heard a sermon in the new church. It is indeed a splendid building, and looks more like the cathedral of an Archbishopric, than a meeting-house for dissenters: but I hope much good will be effected within its walls.

I have been introduced to Dr. Morse, and Dr. Griffing. Mr. J. Evarts has called on me. The consideration that the providence of God is everywhere, will doubtless render me fully contented in Boston.

At this period the Socinian heresy was at its height, in Boston; and had become like an overwhelming deluge, throughout the Congregational churches. It was considered rather a hazardous experiment to read the doxology on the sabbath, even in the orthodox Old South church. Soon after the settlement of the late Rev. Joshua Huntington, some pious females, from influential families, waited on their young pastor, and requested him to read the doxology on the sabbath, observing, (to use their own words,) that they would stand by him if it occasioned any excitement in the congregation.

It is pleasant to trace the progress of truth over error since that period, and to meditate on the faithfulness of God, who raised up able instruments to stem this torrent, and to disabuse the *honest*, inquiring mind, from this insidious but fatal delusion.

Oct. 1. After an absence of twelve weeks, God has kindly returned me to my native roof. On taking a retrospect, I can hardly realize I have been three months absent, the time has passed so rapidly. Short as it appears, it has been to me an eventful period. The blessed Giver of all good has granted me almost uninterrupted health, and a thousand mercies, both temporal and spiritual, for which I fervently pray I may be thankful. My heart, it is true, has at times drank deeply of the

"wormwood and the gall;" but this I ascribe wholly to myself. The great God has dealt mercifully with me, and done all things well. His faithfulness has never failed, and his ear has been open to my cry, when I called upon him in the bitterness of my soul. I can commit myself, and all the future events of my life, entirely into the hands of my Savior.

Oct. 6. Yesterday visited the African school. To-morrow is communion, and I am in such an unprepared state, I fear I shall eat and drink judgment to myself. Since my return home, so many cares press upon me, that I seem immersed in the world, and its concerns appear to have taken my heart captive. I am an inconsistent, unreasonable being. I hardly know what I want myself; but I hope God will dispose of me in such a manner as will promote my eternal interests, whether it is agreeable to my present wishes or otherwise.

Oct. 8. I have been very stupid since my return, with respect to spiritual things; but my mind has been agitated on other subjects, and I find I am not exempt from worldly sorrow. It is strange, that when I am so deeply convinced of the shortness of life, and the necessity of being prepared for death, I am still so interested about the trifling concerns of the present world, and so anxious, at times even distressed, respecting the future alot-

ments of providence. I wish for perfect submission in all things, but cannot feel it. I long to take no thought for futurity, yet find my mind agitated by hopes and fears,—expectations of happiness, and dread of disappointment.

Oct. 11. Spent this afternoon at Mr. B's, with a party of family connections, who appeared happy to see me once more, unworthy as I am, and undeserving as I know myself to be of their affections. When I have time for reflection, many things which happened while I was absent fill me with shame and sorrow. But if pride is the foundation of this mental uneasiness, it is my duty to suppress it, and not yield to "worldly sorrow, which worketh death."

Oct. 14. Last night I watched with my grandmother Lyon, who continues very low, and did not return home till noon. The rain prevents my attending public worship this afternoon. My mind is so distracted by a thousand worldly concerns, I sometimes think my spiritual state is worse than ever, and all sense of divine things has departed.

Oct. 16. This morning, about four o'clock, my grandmother, at the age of eighty-seven, departed this life and entered the world of spirits. There is hardly a possibility I shall ever attain even her age, and yet I am looking forward to future scenes, and forming plans for future enjoyment, as if *this* was

my eternal home, instead of being only my state of probation.

Oct. 21. How humble I ought to be. Sin, sorrow, and shame, by turns almost overwhelm me, and I nearly sink in despair. My temper, my disposition, and my heart are so bad, that I wonder I do not, like Job, loathe and abhor myself. "The law of the Lord is perfect." God's law, government, and every thing that proceeds from him, are "righteous altogether." And yet I often break his law, murmur at his government, and oppose his will.

TO MRS. SUSAN HUNTINGTON, BOSTON.

*New Haven, Oct.* 22, 1810.

Your letter, dear S., reached me at the time I was preparing for the funeral of my grandmother Lyon. Her sickness and death, necessary sewing, and other concerns that have pressed upon me since my return; together with the mistaken kindness of our friends and acquaintances, who, (as a parting compliment to Emilia,*) have kept us almost continually engaged in visiting or waiting on company, will sufficiently account for my not writing before, to inform you of my safe arrival, &c.

The morning I left Boston, and the evening pre-

* Her sister E. was married during her absence, to Mr. B., of Charleston, S. C.

vious, I experienced such a depression of spirits, I found it impossible to mention the subject of my departure without betraying the weakness of a child. This was the cause of my silence, I was not *insensible* to the pain of parting, nor *forgetful* of the friendship I had received from Mr. H. and yourself. Miss Harriot Lathrop* is here on a visit. From her I learn you have a fine companion this winter. Present my compliments to Mr. H. How comes on battledore and shuttlecock? I hope he finds his sister a more apt scholar than I was.

New Haven presents a very different religious aspect from that of other times. There was no addition to our church during my absence, and I hear little said on the subject. Doubtless we have christians among us, but "the gold has become dim," and a general spirit of lukewarmness seems to prevail. You have probably heard the death of D. Daggett. I trust he died the death of the righteous. Soon after I left N. H. he became very anxious, and during a number of weeks experienced a state of spiritual distress, almost beyond example. A few days before his illness, the "hope that maketh not ashamed," visited his humble heart, and he remained calm to the end.

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* Afterwards Mrs. Winslow, missionary to Ceylon.

Oct. 28. When I returned from meeting this morning, I felt almost disheartened, and thought I attended in vain to religious duties. But this afternoon, whilst listening to a sermon on the doctrine of free grace, I experienced the most delightful sensations, and for a short time, almost *longed* to be absent from the body, that I might join with the redeemed in heaven, in singing "Not unto us, not unto us, but to thy name be all the glory." Alleluia, for the Lord God omnipotent reigneth!

Nov. 12. I have felt more composed to-day, and I hope God has graciously answered my prayer, for tranquillity of mind, and submission of will. I have reason to believe my prayers have been heard in times past, for my petitions have *evidently* been granted in several instances. What encouragement have I then to pray; and what is still more, never to faint. I will try to "hope against hope," and exercise faith in Christ, who is the sinner's friend. Perhaps these clouds will soon pass over, and the sun of righteousness and peace once more shine upon my wicked and troubled heart.

Nov. 22. Mr. B., Emilia, and Elizabeth left us to-day for Charleston. The last week has been a busy and trying season; but through divine mercy, I was enabled to pass through the trial with composure and firmness. I have prayed that God would protect them, and I trust he will, and in due time re-

turn them in peace and safety. How strange it is, that when I deserve nothing, and yet constantly experience such innumerable blessings, my ungrateful heart should so often rise up, and say with the spirit of Haman, "All this availeth me nothing," because my unreasonable wishes are not all answered; when perhaps their gratification would neither conduce to my happiness in this life, or that to come. Yet I do not wish to choose my own portion, I only wish that my will may be entirely swallowed up in the will of my God. My times are in his hands, and that is all my consolation and support.

Dec. 1. What a wide spreading evil is sin. It is the direct, or indirect cause of all the misery in the world: and it is wonderful, that mankind do not at once see, to what they may ascribe all their troubles, and all their sorrows.

Dec. 4. With what sincerity, I can exclaim with Job, "Oh that I were as in months past." My mind is uncomfortable beyond description, and I believe my health suffers in consequence of this mental agitation.

Dec. 7. This day has passed much more calmly, for which mercy may I be sincerely grateful. Spent the morning with my pious grandmother, whose conversation always pours consolation into my heart.

Dec. 20. This morning my mind was very melancholy, and for two or three hours, I thought I per-

ceived symptoms of that dreadful mental agony, I once suffered for a long period ;* but it passed off ; and this evening, blessed God, I can raise my Ebenezer, for thus far thou hast helped me, and I humbly trust, unworthy as I am, that thou wilt never leave me, nor forsake me.

Dec. 24. The christian life is indeed a warfare, and a warfare of the most important kind, for failure here is eternal ruin. It is necessary that something should teach us, that this world is not our resting place, and that happiness is a fugitive, long since fled from the earth. When God would convince me of this great truth, he takes the most effectual method, and touches my spiritual enjoyments. When this is my situation, the world becomes a desert ; all its comforts are turned to bitterness, and all its sorrows, of whatever nature they may be, appear light and trifling. When God hides his face, where can I look for peace. In comparison with spiritual darkness, disease, poverty, all worldly sorrow combined, and even death, sink into nothing.

Dec. 27. To-day we received the welcome intelligence, of the safe arrival of our dear friends in Charleston. God is always good, and every hour of my life is a witness that he is gracious and long suffering. Not a day passes without furnishing me

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* Probably in the year 1805.

with causes to sing of mercy, and to bless his name. Yet when called to take up the cross, to submit to outward trials, or to struggle with inward corruption, how prone I am to sink into despondency, and to think my "strength not equal to my day." But "why should a living man complain, a man for the punishment of his sins?" I know that all the evil in the world, is the immediate consequence of transgressing the commands of God: and that all I suffer as an individual, has its origin entirely in sin. When once the natural feelings of the heart takes the reins, and grace, for the time, ceases to be the governing principle, there is no more peace.

Jan. 6, 1811. How earnestly I long that the coming year, (should God prolong my life,) may be productive of good fruits: but I have found, by sad experience, that when "I would do good, evil is present with me." I feel sometimes, as if I could in reality give up the world, and all its vain concerns, and cared for nothing but an interest in Jesus Christ, and yet perhaps in a short time, the cares and pursuits of this life get the ascendency, and I am again brought into bondage.

Jan. 13. Discontent is a very great sin, and of this I am guilty to an uncommon degree. The source of all my trouble is my self-willed heart; when this is kept submissive to the will of Providence, then I am calm and happy. I should despair did I

not hope that I have an "advocate with the Father, Jesus Christ the righteous."

Jan. 20. It is amazing that any one should endeavor to lessen the evidences of christianity, when it affords the only real good we can enjoy in this life. How perfectly wretched I should have been during this season of trouble, through which I have waded, and am still wading, did I not cling to religion as my only refuge and support. Every occurrence is under the direction of a wise and merciful God. Even sin, and "the wrath of man" will finally be overruled for good, and be instrumental in promoting his glory. Why then can I not be calm and submissive in all trials? It is because sin reigns in my mortal body, and if the spirit is willing, the flesh is weak.

Jan. 26. Spent this afternoon with my pious grandmother, who stands waiting the summons to depart, and can, I trust, say with St. Paul, "I have fought a good fight." I find myself lamentably deficient in many things, and in all come short. My temptations and trials are great, and my patience has left me to an astonishing degree. I am moved by trifles that once would have passed by me unnoticed.

Impatience, or irritability of temper, never appeared to be Miss Lyon's besetting sin, even before

her conversion. It is not remembered, that for several years preceding her death, she was so far under the influence of anger, as to speak "unadvisedly with her lips," or alter the tone of her voice. Her mental conflicts were mentioned to but one or two individuals. The expression of her countenance was mild and composed; and her outward demeanor calm and collected. Whatever was the state of her mind, she rose at the usual hour, went tranquilly through the duties of the day, attending upon her pious mother, who had been many years a nervous invalid; conversing with friends who called, on common topics; and making calls, if necessary, without complaining of temporal trials, or making any allusion to her spiritual sufferings. This great self-command, in one possessed of her acute feelings, evinced the strength of her religious principles.

Feb. 5. I am almost afraid to yield to the conviction, that I am unhappy, lest thinking so, should engender a spirit of complaint, under the evils I really experience, and of ingratitude for the mercies I really enjoy; and thus provoke God to send upon me still heavier trials. I will endeavor to trust in him who knows all my wants, and who is able to supply them out of his fullness.

Feb. 11. Yesterday I heard two very alarming

sermons, from John viii. 24. "Ye shall die in your sins." After church I was very much distressed, and for a short time almost deranged, but in the evening, became more composed, and through undeserved mercy have been tranquil to-day. How much I need the Savior. Every day I have reason to feel, that without his atonement I never can be saved.

Feb. 16. This afternoon I have visited the almshouse, and the objects of misery I saw there, ought to teach me a lesson of humility and contentment. If I know my own heart, I long for perfect resignation to the will of Providence in all things; and I humbly hope, (before the expiration of many more weeks,) to feel this spirit, which constitutes the happiness of mortals, while in this state of trial.

March 7. Another winter is passed away, and I look back upon it with regret, for I have grievously sinned; indeed, when I reflect on my past life, I am astonished at the number, the variety, and the aggravations of my sins. Yet perhaps I remember but a small part, a very small part of my offences. Great as they are, I hope I shall yet be pardoned, for the sake of the blessed Jesus, who died for just such sinners as I am, The illness of my dear mother has prevented my attending church to-day, and this evening there is no conference. What blessedness in the christian religion! In the hour of

suffering and worldly sorrow, it holds out the hope of rest beyond the grave.

March 9. This world is a world of temptation. Every hour, every moment, we are *exposed* to the greatest of all evils, sin. I have recently read a sermon on the government of the heart, and have prayed for grace to subdue all my sinful passions, and to regulate all the disorders of my soul. I hope those detestable heart-sins, that war against my peace, as well as my soul, will be brought under, by the power of divine grace. That I shall yet *know* that I love God supremely, and feel a *cheerful* submission to his providential dealings; and regard the concerns of time with comparative indifference, and live above the world while I live in it.

March 11. To-day I think I have avoided the sin which so easily besets me. Would that I were entirely delivered from the power of sin and Satan! "O that I had wings like a dove: for then would I flee away and be at rest!"

March 17. Heard a sermon this morning, on the partial reformation, which sometimes takes place in the unregenerate. During the sermon it seemed as if my own character was exactly portrayed. I once thought myself under serious impressions, and fondly hoped they issued in conversion. But now my evidences are feeble, and my hopes clouded. All my inward corruptions are struggling for the

mastery, and my graces, (if I have any,) are inactive,—all is darkness,—all is perplexity,—all is sorrow.

March 24. How good is the Lord! I am abominably wicked, yet he is patient, and bears long with my wickedness. If God were like man, this thunder that now rumbles in the air, would come out in judgment against me and strike me dead. The holy inhabitants of heaven would pronounce the doom just; and my own mouth would be obliged to confess the same. This long-suffering is a token for good, and my soul desires to rejoice in the doctrine of free grace, that can, consistent with the holy attributes of God, save a wretch like me. Through the undeserved mercy of God, I have passed a happier day than for some time past. I earnestly pray that every token of divine favor, may produce its proper effects on my heart,—greater watchfulness over myself, and increasing love for my glorious Benefactor.

April 4. This evening is charming,—serene, still, and a bright moon-light. The natural world still appears lovely; for man has no power to mar its beauty. Sin cannot rob the firmament of its lustre, nor the earth of its verdure. I am going to make a wedding visit, where there will probably be a large party. I pray God to keep me by his grace from sinning in thought, word, or deed.

April 11. Last night my sisters arrived from Charleston, and God has kindly permitted us to see each other again, in the land of the living. To-day we have a violent snow-storm ; but Providence mercifully brought them to the desired haven before it commenced. If I had a just sense of the mercies I enjoy, I should not so often yield to despondency. But I trust I have given myself to Christ ; and hope through his blood to be cleansed from all past sin, and to be kept by his grace from sinning *willfully* hereafter.

April 17. There are many sins heinous in the sight of God, of which the world think little ; and there are many things which endear the followers of the Lamb to their Master, which render them hateful to their worldly companions. Sometimes I hear persons commended for qualities that the Bible strongly condemns ; and others censured for those very traits of character that the Scriptures inculcate in the most earnest manner.

April 18. Weariness of the world, and weanedness from the world, are very different exercises. The former often rises from impatience of spirit, and an unsubdued will. The latter generally proceeds from a real conviction of the empty nature of earthly objects, and having found something more productive of happiness, than all the earth has to bestow. If I could be assured that the mental

suffering I have endured the last winter, was of a godly nature, I would not recall one sigh or one tear, much as I have been afflicted. But my mind has been troubled on worldly subjects. I hope some spiritual good will arise from all this evil, and in due time, through grace, I shall get the victory over every temptation, every trial, and every sin.

April 22. It is very difficult to discover the real path of duty. Passion and prejudice, often blind our minds, and induce us to think, say, and do, a thousand things, the motives of which are at least doubtful. I am convinced that self-love and self-will very often influence me in performing, what ought to be performed from better motives. This evening at the conference, I heard an essay read on confidence in God. While I was there, I experienced such a deep sense of my own sin, and had such a view of the sins of others, I was almost overwhelmed, and could hardly forbear weeping aloud. O! who could wish to live always in this sinful world, if through grace there was a faint hope, even a faint hope of being admitted to one of holiness. If *ardent longings* after sanctification of heart, holiness of life, and perfection in the world of glory, be fruits of saving grace, I hope I possess it, for sometimes I certainly do experience these feelings.

May 3. It is beyond the power of the poet to describe or the painter to portray an evening like

this. But David, (by divine inspiration,) has done it in few words: "The heavens declare the glory of God, and the firmament showeth his handy work. Day unto day uttereth speech, and night unto night showeth knowledge. He appointed the moon for seasons: The sun knoweth his going down. O Lord how manifold are thy works! in wisdom hast thou made them all."

May 8. I have just returned from a long walk, and the face of nature appears so lovely, that one would think, man was again placed in the garden of Eden, and that the earth was no longer under a curse. Would that such days of innocence, peace, and moral beauty could once more return, and then I should share in those inestimable blessings. But while sin remains in the world, there will be temptation; and as the needle in the compass, irresolutely trembles till it has found the north point, so temptation appears to hover round, uncertain where to fix, or whom to ensnare, until it has found me.

May 9. There is a wide difference between real submission to God's will, and a natural insensibility of heart, that enables the possessor to pass through all scenes, and meet all events, with the same feelings. Many who know nothing of God, or the power of religion, will bear affliction with more apparent fortitude, than the real follower of Christ; and stand unmoved, at what would almost overwhelm a weak

but real believer in Jesus. I believe it is best I should be exactly in the situation I am. The knowledge that *God* has placed me in it is sufficient to convince any christian it is right, and I think I can see reasons for God's providence towards me in this respect. I have many humiliating things to bear, it is true, but I have also pride ; and it is necessary pride should be humbled. I have many vexations ; but I am impatient, and it is needful patience should be proved. I find much care and trouble in this life ; but it is indispensably necessary that I should learn by *experience*, the world is not my resting place, and that so long as I live in it, I must expect tribulation.

May 18. The duties of the week are ended, and holy time has once more arrived. I love the sabbath, but fear my motive for loving it is a mixed one. The retirement, the freedom from company, and the rest from worldly care, I enjoy on the sabbath, are congenial to my natural taste. But I humbly hope I have a higher motive, and that I may be prepared, by its exercises on earth, to spend an eternal sabbath in heaven. I have been reading Booth's Reign of Grace. The christian should read it, that he may see to what he owes *all* his hopes : and the self-righteous sinner, that he may be taught, " by the deeds of the law shall no flesh be justified."

May 21. My mind to-day has been tranquil, and

external things have affected me less than usual. Just so far as grace prevails in the heart, there will be a ready submission to the will of God, in all his providential dealings. But then the christian has trials peculiar to himself: moral evil, is what his Creator hates, and when he feels it in himself, or sees it in others, he cannot prevent being in bitterness. Things are in a disordered state in this world. Mankind are not willing to be governed by the laws of reason and religion. They like confusion and bustle, for these have a tendency to banish reflection. But O! what a fearful condition those are in, who cannot bear solitude, and fly to the world to avoid the pain of their own thoughts.

May 20. There is a tranquillity and beauty in this evening, and nature appears so lovely, that one would think the God of nature smiled on this wicked world, and had no longer a controversy with its polluted inhabitants. The declining sun gilds the summit of East-rock, as seen from my window, and gives a peculiar mellowness to the verdure of the trees. The blue sky is partly hid by white clouds, and the West glows in brightness. The natural beauties of the world are calculated to lead the mind to the great Creator, and would always produce this effect, were not the mental eye in darkness, and blind to the superior beauty of holiness. *Change* is written on all below. We might learn a useful les-

son from it, were we so disposed. The revolving seasons of the year, the situation of families, the state of individuals, both as respects the inner and outer man, so constantly changing, might teach us to check pride and presumption, in days of prosperity and sunshine; and avoid the opposite sins of impatience and despondency, when our sky appears overcast with clouds.

June 14. Last night I passed through a trial of so heavy a nature, that I have been ill to-day, in consequence of the mental distress I suffered. I pray for wisdom to discern the path of duty, and grace to pursue it. If God is with me I need nothing else, and if he is not, I wish for comfort from no other quarter.

June 15. If I know the nature of my own mind, it is one of those from which, impressions once made, are hard to be effaced. To banish any subject from my mind, especially one that is painful, is like attempts to erase the mark of the diamond from the glass. The brittle pane may break, but the fragments still retain the marks in all their power. This afternoon we expect a large party. I consider it a great snare to my soul, and a great trial to my patience, to see so much company. But I wish to be patient under this, and every other cross.

June 27. How soothing it is, to find, in the experience of those who were eminent for their piety,

a similarity to my own. They passed through the same trials, encountered the same temptations, experienced the same doubts and fears that I suffer. If my conflicts resemble theirs, I pray that my faith may also be similar; and after waging the same warfare I may enter into the same rest. The blessed Jesus is all powerful.

June 28. Towards evening I took a long walk with my sisters, and found a friend here, at our return, we had not seen for fifteen months. It is now near eleven,—the night is perfectly still,—the moon is "walking in brightness," and the sound of a flute at intervals, gives a kind of romantic solemnity to the night, which, added to the mental trials I experience, and the peculiar traits of my disposition, make me nearly wild. But I will retire, and strive to compose my mind to sleep, for such feelings ought not to be indulged. A *melancholy* frame of mind is a very *wicked* one; for it arises, either from a want of faith, or a want of patience,—from a distrust of God's wisdom, power, and goodness, respecting futurity; or impatience under the burdens he sees fit to lay upon us. A christian should "rejoice evermore" in Christ, and be patient in tribulation.

July 18. This afternoon I visited the African school, and was disappointed in finding so few there. It is strange, when the benevolence of a few individuals have placed these oppressed people in a situation

to bestow upon their children some useful knowledge and religious instruction, they should be so backward to improve it.

July 25. Notwithstanding the physical evils which entered this world at the apostacy, the human family might still be happy, were they under the power of religion, and all its members real christians. How miserable, on the contrary, is any household, (such a one as I have recently witnessed,) when the conduct of those who compose it, is guided by whim, prejudice, the feelings of the moment, selfishness, and perhaps violent passions. O! how miserable is the human mind under the dominion of its passions! No matter which takes the reins, they are *all* tyrants and the soul brought into captivity by them, is truly an object of compassion.

Aug. 1. This afternoon we expect a large party to visit us. Were I to follow my inclination, I should sit alone up stairs and read. But I find myself obliged to exercise self-denial in this particular. There are many things to afflict us, of so peculiar a nature that they must be concealed from the world; and let them wound ever so deep, they must remain buried in our bosoms, hidden from our best earthly friends. But there is one Friend to whom even these troubles may be told, and that Friend is able to speak peace to the soul, whenever his wisdom sees fit.

Aug. 8. How *merciful*, as well as *wise*, are all the dealings of God towards me! If he has denied me any thing I wished, it was because he foresaw the possession of it would retard my spiritual progress. If he has called me to suffering, it is to wean me from the world, and teach me that happiness dwells only in heaven. If he has granted me some sweet hopes of obtaining this happiness, it is not to disappoint them, but to encourage me in waging the christian warfare, and enduring unto the end.

Aug. 12. It is an easy thing to assume the christian name; to talk and write like a christian; and I have sometimes thought, to think and feel like a christian,—but to *act* like a christian,—to be patient under provocation; submissive under trials; to sacrifice our own ease and advantage *cheerfully* for the benefit of others; to bear crosses and disappointment, without complaint; to keep a continual watch over ourselves, lest we offend in *thought*, word, or deed; and above all, to be truly and *sincerely* humble before God; this is indeed a difficult task, and which nothing but the grace of the great Jehovah can enable us to perform.

Aug. 19. It is almost impossible not to assimilate to those with whom we live on terms of intimacy. We insensibly adopt their sentiments, their language, and even their manner of dress and be-

havior. This should teach us great care in selecting our companions, and not *voluntarily* take them from the world; and if Providence has placed us among those of this character, it should warn us to be on our guard, and resist as much as possible their baneful influence. We are never safe on this side the grave; our three great enemies, the world, the flesh, and the devil, are continually plotting our ruin. Had we no keeper but ourselves, how soon we should seal our utter destruction. Thanks be to God for his unspeakable gift!

Sept. 6. What a scene of bustle and confusion, is this world. Men live a few years in care and hurry, and then lie down in silence beneath the "clods of the valley," and are soon forgotten by their busy survivors. What madness to confine our attention to a world, that so soon forgets its friends; even those who have sacrificed their immortal souls in its service. The Scripture compares human life to a pilgrimage, a race, a warfare, and many other things, to show that the end of life is not to live; but that it is merely a passage through which to enter an eternal state of bliss or wretchedness.

Sept. 9. Every day adds to my conviction, that God does not design this world for a place of happiness. Care, disappointment, disease, and trouble, in innumerable shapes, assail us at every turn, and mar every thing like *worldly* enjoyment. Religion

alone yields any solid peace; and religion alone can support the heart under the deprivation of earthly comforts. O! what a gloom would cloud my mind at this moment, did I not hope the blessed God had pardoned me, through the precious Savior; and did I not believe that all the events of my life, are fully known to him, and permitted by his providential government. Blessed be God, that my spiritual enjoyments are not removed,—blessed be his holy name, that I can pray, and pour out my soul before him, without trembling and dismay.

Sept. 11. To-day is commencement, and the town is filled with the votaries of pleasure and dissipation. Many of those, who are now partaking of the amusements of the season, will probably be in the land of silence, before it again returns. Perhaps I, or some of those most dear to me, may be of the number. I pray God to prepare my mind for all there is before, and enable me to approach his bar with confidence and joy, through Jesus Christ, my *only* hope,—Amen.

TO HER SISTER IN NEW HAVEN,

*Killingworth, Sept.* 16, 1811.

I find K., dear Sophia, much as usual; pleasant, tranquil, still, but rather lonely. I must write a letter brief as yours, as the few minutes necessarily employed in preparing the chaise, is all the time I

have. Kiss E's dear little babe for me. Tell father I went up the bank stairs to bid him good morning, but he was so busy, I thought I should disturb him, and so did not speak.* I met Mr. Evarts† in East Guilford, and conversed with him some time. He will call on you this week. I wish I could be at home to see him. It is so pleasant to see *such* an old friend,—a good man,—a christian indeed. Good morning, dear sister. May the God of mercy bless us both, and all we love, for the Redeemer's sake.

TO THE SAME.

*Killingworth, Oct.* 11, 1811.

There were not as many clergymen attended the association, as uncle M. expected, and nine only slept here; so the fatigue of waiting on them at table was trifling, as respects myself. But aunt M., in consequence of her anxiety, has been quite indisposed.

The return of my birth-day leads me to inquire, what has become of the years that have composed my past life? Memory, it is true, retains some of the events, some of the enjoyments, some of the sins, and many of the trials through which I have

* Col. Lyon was cashier of the old New Haven Bank.

† Afterwards Corresponding Secretary of the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions.

passed. But alas! the greatest part is a mere blank, wholly obliterated from my mind, and gone without leaving a trace behind. Yet an account must be rendered for every moment of this forgotten time. All time is present with God, and he does not bestow this valuable talent without requiring an improvement. One observes, "There is nothing wasted with so little remorse as time; and yet there is nothing else when lost, but *may* be regained; but this *cannot*." When I take a retrospect, I feel constrained to ask myself as Radamanthus did the woman, "And what have you been doing all this while?" But I cannot give as ready an answer as hers. I must reply, as to the greatest part I have really forgotten. One season of life has so closely followed another; one set of ideas and pursuits have been interrupted by succeeding ones; recent events have effaced the impression of former, and all the past appears like a confused dream, with little or nothing effected.

It is hardly probable that the years which remain, will equal in number those that are past; but they ought to be far, far superior in diligence, and carry me rapidly heaven-ward, for they will certainly bear me rapidly on to death, and the grave. Among the other evils introduced by the fall, this is not the least; a sort of self-flattery, which renders us insensible to our own condition. We see *others* called to trials

of various kinds, but rest in a kind of stupid hope, that *we* shall escape. We see others summoned away by death, and need no arguments to convince us, that "time with them is indeed no more." But still we feel a kind of persuasion that this will never be the case with us; or at least if we must die, the *dying-hour* will never arrive. This delusion is the bane of souls: for did the world *really* and sincerely believe, *they* should certainly die, and come to the judgment, they would endeavor to live in some degree of conformity to such a belief. Want of faith lies at the root of all this difficulty, and this is the reason why the Scriptures put such stress upon faith.

The apostle says "we believe, therefore we speak;" and we may say, we believe, therefore we act. Sometimes the force of temptation is so great, that faith for a season ceases to operate; still the *general* course of a persons life will be according to his belief. If he really and *habitually* thinks, that there is a great good to be obtained, he will endeavor to obtain it earnestly. If he *believes* there is a dreadful evil to be shunned, he will need no arguments to avoid it. Want of faith is the sole reason why he is not *feelingly* convinced of the brevity of life, the certainty of death, the joys of heaven, and the bitter torments of hell.

Good night, my dear sister, the shades of evening

are closing around us, and very soon the evening of life will throw her dusky mantle over our heads; but it is no matter, if from those shades, we can rise to the regions of never-ending day, and dwell in *uncreated* light forever and ever.

Nov. 1. After more than six weeks absence at K., I am once more returned to my native roof. God has never, for a moment of my life, left himself without a witness, that he is kind to the unworthy: but now I have a fresh proof of his great goodness. My mind is more at ease than it has been during the past year, on those subjects, respecting which, it was *always* wicked to feel any uneasiness. My heart has been the abode of a human-like spirit; and the great, the countless multitude of mercies lavished on me, have been disregarded, and almost spurned. Through this long season of sin, God has been patient, and graciously waited, forbearing to cut me off, till the froward child should return to a sense of her duty. Sin is the direct or indirect cause of all suffering: and I am convinced it is the immediate cause of the greatest part of my past troubles. I pray God to pardon me for Jesus' sake, and keep me hereafter from these dreadful heart-sins, by the grace of his Holy Spirit, to whom with the Father, and the blessed Savior, be rendered everlasting praises,—amen.

Nov. 5. This afternoon we expect a party to take tea with us, and among them several strangers. To me such parties are a cross, and perhaps it is my duty to bear it, as such, without murmuring. Providence has placed me in a situation, where I am obliged to converse much with worldly people; and to repine at his allotments, is not only wicked, but, (as I know from experience,) is productive of great misery. The true line of duty is to guard against the peculiar temptations of our situation, and not murmur at the disposals of a wise God.

Nov. 7. To-day has been extremely pleasant, and I have spent the afternoon in walking, and calling on my acquaintance. My mind remains tranquil, and my spirits good. I have hourly cause for gratitude and humility. Gratitude, that so much good is allotted me; and humility, that it is received with so much insensibility. Those who enjoy the light of God's countenance, are not only the excellent of the earth, but they are truly the happiest of the race of Adam. The pleasures of religion here, are an earnest of that state of bliss which is without alloy, and without end.

Nov. 24. The Holy Spirit only can perform a work of grace in the soul, and yet the world live as if they could, by their own exertions, effect it at any time. When this life is so fleeting, and the one to

come eternal, it is strange that religion is not the whole business of man.

Nov. 28. Thanksgiving-day. There are few who have so much reason for gratitude as I, and I fear there are few, (all things considered,) who exercise it so little. The great mercy of feeling my mind in any measure, delivered from that pit of sin and misery, into which it has been plunged during the past year, should excite the liveliest emotions of praise towards my great Deliverer. I will strive to meditate on the past as I ought, and look forward with hope, trusting that God will prepare me for trials, support me under them, and carry me safely through all.

Dec. 5. I have been spending the afternoon with my grandmother. She is very happy, for her pilgrimage through this world is almost finished. A belief that nothing befalls me without the knowledge and permission of God; and that he knows the secret troubles of my heart, which are hidden from the world, is a consideration full of comfort, and tends to support me under trials.

Dec. 13. There is a great deal to be performed in this life, that duty will not suffer us to neglect; and there is still much more, that the opinions and customs of the world exact from us, that is not necessary. The cares of life are a snare to the soul, and

if not regulated by a principle of grace will prove its ruin.

Dec. 18. The unregenerate, as well as the regenerate, are required to make known their wants unto God by prayer. Simon was exhorted to pray, when the apostle thought him to be in the gall of bitterness, and there is reason to think that prayer is often an instrument in turning sinners to Christ. Without prayer there is no religion: it is the life and soul of vital piety.

Jan. 1, 1812. When I call to remembrance the state of my feelings last year, I have reason to bless God for the change he has effected. The power of divine grace alone, could send peace and tranquillity to such a disordered, and almost deranged mind as mine then was. To God be all the glory; for my own exertions were entirely fruitless. This morning, (I hope with sincerity,) I renewedly dedicated myself to my Maker. O! how I earnestly wish and pray, that the coming year may be spent more to the glory of God than the last. All the future is wrapt in uncertainty; but if I am prepared by grace for the reception of trials, it is no matter what they are. If I am to live another year, may I live by the faith of Jesus Christ. If I am to die this year, may I die the death of the righteous, for the Redeemer's sake.

Jan. 25. The path of duty is very narrow. The

journey of a christian through this world, resembles a person passing over a deep river on a plank. While he walks cautiously on, watching his footsteps, he is safe : but if he turns to the right or to the left, or suffers his eyes to be directed to surrounding objects, he tumbles headlong, and is lost.

One great source of unhappiness in this life, is expecting too much from it. Those who have learned to regard it merely as a passage to a better, will not be greatly moved at its vexations, and of course really enjoy more than those who take up their rest here.

Jan. 26. Humility is a lovely grace, especially in youth. But that kind of humility that leads its possessor to rely implicitly on the judgment and and opinions of others, merely because they are older, is a dangerous quality. How many things I see in my past life to regret. It appears as if memory furnished nothing on which I can reflect with pleasure. Folly, as well as sin, marks every thing, and I have reason to blush for past weakness, as well as mourn for past guilt.

Feb. 1. To-morrow is communion ; but the departure of our truly christian brother will sadden our hearts, when we behold his place vacant. But why should the church mourn his early exit ? He has escaped many sorrows, many temptations, and many sins, and is now probably feasting on that love,

of which the sacrament is only a token. Why my unprofitable life is continued, while others so useful are called away is a mystery. I can only say, "Even so Father, for so it hath seemed good in thy sight."

Feb. 6. Our danger is almost as great, when discharging a *known* duty, as at other times; for the idea that we are well employed, makes us careless as to our motives of action.

Feb. 8. I am so ignorant what would promote my real happiness, it is strange that I should ever wish to choose for myself. I feel that I am a rebel in will, and a child in judgment. My inability to judge of God's designs, by present dealings, has been clearly discovered to me, and I am convinced I have no reason to be disheartened in any circumstances, however perplexing. When the hopes of heaven are so sweet, and the fears of hell so dreadful, how can I be interested in earthly things to the degree I frequently am? It would seem that the consideration of such important things, for one moment, would entirely absorb the mind, and make it dead to the world.

Feb. 19. My failures in duty are so numerous, my relapses into sin so constant, I am almost tempted to renounce my profession, and give up all in despair. But I am told by writers on experimental religion, that such temptations are from the devil,

and therefore it would be sinful to listen to them. Could he prevail with me to cease using the means of grace, I am lost forever, and the enemy triumphs.

March 6. To-day I have passed through a most severe trial, but I hope God was with me, and that I passed through it without sin. Yesterday I was engaged in the duties of my new office, as Secretary to the Female Charitable Society, and had an opportunity of witnessing the evils of poverty. The world regards the happiness of the christian as not worth possessing. But if there is any happiness here, it arises from faith in God, and a hope of glory through Christ.

March 23. The word of inspiration unfolds the mystery at once, why persons are so attached to this world, and yet find it a place of so much sorrow and suffering. Sin is the cause why this life is so joyless, and the reason why mankind are so unwilling to quit it, and appear in the presence of a holy God. Guilt makes the sinner cling to the world, as the criminal clings to his prison, rather than appear at the bar of condemnation. There has been much conversation within a few days on the lawfulness of attending balls and the theatre. If these sins are not as heinous in the sight of God as some others, do they not excite levity? and after all that can be said, do *real* christians desire any such amusements?

March 25. God has provided a righteousness, independent of the creature, which will justify the believer at the bar of God. If I am saved, I shall remain to eternity a proof of the doctrine of *free* grace, and the electing love and mercy of God. If we had a just sense of the magnitude of God's love towards us, we could not avoid loving each other. Gratitude to the blessed Savior, would constrain us to obey all his commandments, and this of loving our fellow creatures with the rest.

April 26. How little do I realize this is the morning on which the blessed Savior rose from the grave. This heavy world hangs upon my affections, that would rise to God, and weighs them down to earth. Like my happy namesake, I long to go forth to the tomb of my divine Lord, and feel the power of his resurrection, in a resurrection from all sin.

May 1. Walked out this afternoon with Elizabeth. Afterwards visited a sick negro woman, apparently near the grave. She appeared sensible that death was approaching, but ignorant of the necessary preparation for it. I endeavored to instruct her, according to the best of my ability. Our Creator has given us the power of "refusing the evil and choosing the good," consequently final rejection is chargeable *only* to the moral state of the will and affections, and not to the decree of the Almighty.

May 10. This morning I was very much melted

in prayer, and my heart seemed to feel what my lips uttered : at meeting too, during the first prayer, my thoughts wandered less than usual. I thank my God for this mercy. The service of God is a delight when I can shut out the world and be "in the Spirit."

May 14. How full of sin is my heart ! I am sometimes astonished to find lurking in my bosom, some wicked passion I thought was subdued. A week ago to-day I found myself under the influence of the hateful passion of envy. And now I record it, that when I see it written down against me, I may be ashamed of my vileness, and in future shun this abominable sin. This feeling is as foolish, as it is detestable. What earthly good is worth envying ? Who is happy or even contented ? What heart is wholly free from some bitterness which is peculiarly its own ? How irrational then to suppose that happiness rests on a little outward good,—and how dreadfully wicked to disobey the command, "Rejoice with them that do rejoice."

May 18. This morning I prayed earnestly to be delivered from the love of human praise, and the dread of being neglected and despised ; by those whom I esteem. I *long* to be regardless of the respect, attention, dislike, and even *contempt* of my fellow creatures : for what is the judgment of man worth ? The esteem of the worthy is desirable, it is true, but even this may excite vanity : and it may

also be unfounded. "Man looketh on the outward appearance; but the Lord looketh on the heart."

May 19. We pursue a shadow, when we seek comfort in any thing but religion. Alone with my bible, and sometimes I hope with my God, my mind is peaceful, and my heart finds rest. But when engaged in the things of this life, and in company with the people of the world, I feel uneasy, and long for the moment of release, as a captive longs for liberty. I hope ingratitude to God, for the mercies I enjoy, is not the cause of this world-loathing, but truly with me; "Earth is a tiresome place."

May 21. To-day a kind of gloomy discouragement has filled my mind. I have however, endeavored to be diligent in my daily occupations, that if I could not make any progress in the christian life, I might at least fill up my time in useful employments. I have been tempted to consider the obstacles in my way to heaven as wholly insurmountable, and to regard my trials as greater than any ones. But I think, (if I know my own heart,) I should not dread these peculiar trials as much as I do, if they did not lead me directly into sin.

Friday, 22. No words can describe the gloom and agony of my mind. "Deep calleth unto deep," and I am overwhelmed. The world is a desert, and life a burden; and to make my misery complete, I feel as if God had forsaken me, and given

me up a prey to sin and sorrow. God of mercy appear for me *now*, for never, never, did a wretched creature need help more!

Saturday, 23. Yesterday the agony of my mind was so great, that I was obliged to leave a large party who were here, and leave the room to avoid observation, and seek support from God. I prayed fervently, with fixed attention, for some time, and found sensible relief. In the evening I heard a lecture from these words: "If any man sin, &c." 1 John ii. 1. After I came home, and to-day generally, I have felt a sweet spirit of patience and resignation, such as I have not experienced for a long time. I feel willing to suffer.

Sabbath, 24. The mental tranquillity I experienced yesterday is in some degree continued to-day, and I desire to bless God therefor. I hope the cause of my distress, on Friday, will never produce the same effect again; for, in the strength of Divine grace, I am *determined* to conquer.

Monday, 25. Once or twice to-day I have felt a gloomy apprehension at what I fear awaits me, but the power of God is infinite, and I rely on that to carry me through *all*.

June 4. This afternoon I experienced a mental depression, occasioned by discovering another proof of my astonishing *weakness*. Last night my sleep was disturbed, and I awoke early in much agitation.

When trouble comes upon me, I can find no way of relief but to kneel down and pour out my soul before God. We can foreseee but little what kind of trials await us, I have suffered from causes which of all others I least expected, and might almost have defied.

June 9. My mind has been calm to-day, and that *sinking gloom*, I so often experience, has not been suffered to attack me. Those only who have felt this mental despondency, can have any adequate idea of its bitterness. Words cannot describe it; but I bless my God for this day's tranquillity.

June 10. I have been this afternoon to my aged grandmother's. I saw a woman at work there who was born, educated, and lived, till within a few years, in the lap of affluence and luxury, and is now obliged to earn her bread by labor, or return to the alms-house, where she has been an inmate. What an instructive lesson this teaches me of the fleeting nature of all earthly good. My mind still remains calm, and I feel a sweet spirit of hope and confidence in God. How lovely is true religion! how happy it makes the soul!

June 13. I have parted with two christian friends, for whom, though our acquaintance was short, I feel a christian friendship. One of them told me at parting, our separation would not be

long, for we should soon meet again, meaning in heaven, for we shall probably see each other no more on earth. God of love grant this may be the case.

June 15. The world is a very subtle enemy to my soul. I feel it so peculiarly of late. Indeed, I am surrounded by enemies on every side, who hunt for my soul with unceasing exertions, and my worst foes are the sins and wicked passions of my own heart. These are the traitors in the citadel, and therefore outward enemies are encouraged to attack it with violence. I have been reading the life of David Brainard, and have experienced pleasure, surprise, and concern in the perusal; pleasure, to think that any of the fallen race of Adam could arrive at his eminence in grace; surprise, that any *human* heart could be so divested of selfishness as his; concern, that I fall so far short. Yet I *long* to feel like Brainard; to act, to live, and die like him.

June 21. Surely no individual of the sinful race of Adam, ever had the reason to bless God that I have. No fallen creature ever had the cause for gratitude and love, to the blessed Giver of grace and strength, that I have. How is it possible I can ever distrust God! How can I ever sink under any prospects, however discouraging, when there is such strength in the arm of Jehovah? O! my dear

Savior, pardon my want of faith; and enable me, with humility and holy confidence, *always* to trust *entirely* to Thee.

June 22. What a relief to the burdened soul is prayer! How often has my sad heart been lightened by this salutary remedy. When I cannot find comfort here, I can find it nowhere. There was once a long, very long season, when I could not *attempt* to draw near to God, without being driven back by horror and dismay. But, blessed be God, it is not so now. I can pour out, not only my *sorrows*, but my *sins*, before the throne of the Father, Son, and Spirit: and sometimes, when corruption is strongest, prayer is most fervent; as if faith overcame those fears my *monstrous* sins would naturally excite. This afternoon I have enjoyed a sweet season of prayer, and feel sensibly refreshed by it.

June 23. God is continually reminding me, that it is folly to expect happiness in this life; and I feel convinced the best way to enjoy it, is to expect nothing from it, and to regard it merely as a stormy ocean, over which we must pass to reach the desired haven. We should only be anxious to steer the *right* course, guard against dangers, and secure a safe arrival in port, without being *very* solicitous to find enjoyment on the voyage, which would never be the aim of a prudent mariner.

Could we view life thus, it would save us much trouble.

June 24. The Lord appears from time to time, to be showing me to myself; and I frequently discover some trait in my disposition or temper, that I thought entirely extirpated, or, at least, wholly subjugated. God only can make the leper clean. My mind is generally more tranquil than it was some time since, and I think I feel more submission to the dealings of Providence. I have experienced help from God, when I least expected it; and in situations where I thought, (before they arrived,) I should certainly sink. This leads me to hope I shall hereafter be supported when trials press upon me.

June 26. The declaration of war with England has thrown the country into a state of alarm and consternation. It is painful to observe the want of faith and confidence in God, that prevails, even among those who call themselves christians. By their conversation it is evident, "God is not in all their thoughts;" and they tremble under the rod, without considering who hath appointed it. Christ's little flock are always safe, in war as well as peace; and will soon become inhabitants of the kingdom of eternal peace.

June 27. There is a wide difference between afflictions sent upon us by the immediate hand of

God, and those brought upon us by our own sins or the sins of others. To the former, it is our duty to submit unreservedly. To the latter, (where moral evil is concerned,) submission may encourage sin. The difficulty of distinguishing between these, is what so often troubles me.

How happy are those who have trodden the whole length of this wilderness world—passed the Jordan of death in peace, and are now safe landed on the shores of the heavenly Canaan, beyond the reach of sin and sorrow. With them, temporal evils have ceased, spiritual conflicts are over; and what is far better, they are placed beyond the possibility of sinning. O! when shall I, a poor sinner, enjoy this blessedness.

July 2. To-day, although I have been very busy, my mind has been oppressed by gloom and misgivings, respecting the different sects that prevail in the christian world. But may I not hope, Christ has some followers among all those who deserve to be styled *christian* denominations? And am I not frequently assured, that "neither circumcision availeth any thing, nor uncircumcision, but a new creature." If *true* religion consists in *faith* and *holiness*, surely, the outward *form* is nothing essential.

July 4. My spirits are low, and it would be wonderful if they were not. I have no hope but in

the mercy of God, through Jesus Christ; and although there is a fullness of grace in him, it seems impossible such a mass of moral corruption as I am, can ever enter the abode of perfect holiness in heaven.

July 7. Yesterday afternoon I accompanied the family into the woods, about three miles from town, to take tea and enjoy the cool air; the weather here being oppressively warm. The evening finds me enjoying many blessings, among them mental tranquillity. How much cause have I to feel a constant glow of gratitude to God.

July 10. I am prone to look forward with *dread*, to events I think will be distressing, and with *joy*, to those I hope will be happy; when perhaps, the arrival of *both*, convinces me I have erred in my expectations. Faith settles all these difficulties by giving up future things *entirely* to God. How can any one who really wishes to lead the life of a christian, *seek* after such things as are manifestly hindrances to a growth in grace, such as worldly company, &c.? It is astonishing how those live who feel no interest in the hopes religion holds out. What do they lean upon when heavy troubles press upon them? Almost every day I find need of *support*, and fly to religion as my only *prop* to keep my soul from sinking. Yet I see many who wholly disregard it, in adversity as well as prosperity.

July 16. Happy would it be, were I always under the dominion of *sanctified* reason, and not so often influenced by *feeling*, as I find myself. The *feelings* are dangerous guides; and yet the greatest portion of mankind are entirely under their direction, and know no other rule of action, but the wishes and desires of their own depraved and fallible hearts. This is too often my case, and, like an indulged child, they frequently make me bitterly lament my imprudent and hurtful indulgence. This afternoon rode out of town a few miles on business. The cares of the world discomposed my mind once or twice to-day, though I strove against it. It seems almost impossible to keep up a sense of divine things, while troubled about many worldly concerns.

Saturday, 18. How I rejoice, that the sweet sabbath is drawing nigh! It appears to operate as a balm for all the wounds received during the week. Happy emblem of that eternal rest that awaits the true believer in Jesus! It also, (after the worldly business and confusion of the week are over,) presents to the mind a striking picture of that rest in the Redeemer, the soul enjoys after being pursued by the terrors of the law, and driven about by doubts and perplexity. My soul desires to bless God for giving me his sabbaths.

July 23. To-day has been improved as a pub-

lic fast throughout this state, in consequence of the present war with Great Britain. The morning discourse was adapted to the occasion, and was peculiarly solemn and excellent. The afternoon, *unfortunately*, partook of party spirit and political prejudice, though many remarks were good and worthy of observation. I wish to live a life of faith on the Son of God: for, in addition to higher motives, I am convinced it is the only one that can yield enjoyment here. Faith enables its possessor to look back with composure, regard the present with moderation, and give up the future *entirely* into the hands of God. And surely, if there is any happiness on this side of the grave, it is such a state of mind as this. The gloom and anxiety which often clouds my views would disappear, had I attained that measure of this precious grace. But my faith will be weak while the work of sanctification progresses so slowly. I see clearly the connection between holiness and faith, sin and distrust.

July 25. What a labyrinth is this world! Uncertainty attends every thing—we are uncertain what would promote our happiness; what would expose us to evil, and often, very often, ignorant of the true path of duty. Sometimes all is darkness, and the soul nearly discouraged by doubt and perplexity. Sometimes the fear of taking a wrong step keeps us inactive, when we sin by not acting, and

materially injure ourselves and others. The Lord give me wisdom from on high.

July 31. The creation of an immortal, immaterial spirit, in the first place, and when that spirit has become defiled all over with sin, to renew it in Christ Jesus unto holiness, is such a manifestation of power, wisdom, love, compassion, and astonishing condescension, as eternity alone can enable us to comprehend.

Aug. 4. How easily, (did I not strive against it,) might a mind, formed with such peculiar propensities to melancholy as mine, become a prey to despair. But it must not be. I see a life before me of duties and sufferings; and I find it necessary to gird up my loins, that I may be enabled to perform the one with fidelity and bear the other with patience. It is sometimes a pleasing reflection, that life itself will soon be over, and with it, all these trials. God grant me at last, a triumphant passage over Jordan, and a merciful reception in the heavenly Canaan.

Aug. 6. Tuesday I attended the committee meeting; I felt very ill, and some conversation I heard in the afternoon agitated me extremely, so that the mental depression I experienced before I left home appeared to be almost prophetic. Sickness in the family, in connection with other things, casts a shade around me; yet no words can ex-

press how much cause I have for praise and thanksgiving to the Giver of all good. I long to feel *assured*, that no trial shall come upon me greater than I have strength to bear; that grace shall be in proportion to my need; and that I shall not be called to pass through the *peculiar* trial I so much fear. I can do nothing but cast myself on God. If this cruel affliction awaits me, the Lord carry me through it, is all I can say; for I am nothing and less than nothing.

Aug. 9. When I reflect on the great work I was sent into the world to perform, and the comparative nothingness of all things below, I feel amazed at myself, at my worldly mindedness, my desire after earthly good, my anxiety about temporal concerns, and my despondency under trouble. Jesus Christ is the only needful good, and to possess him I must have repentance, faith, and holiness. How strange it is that I, or any other one, who pants after these things, should not pursue them with all the heart, and soul, and mind, and strength, as the sum and substance of all that is truly desirable. I am a perfect contradiction; without consistency, and an astonishment to myself.

Aug. 11. How dangerous it is to tamper with the feelings. After reading works of the imagination, calculated to interest the heart but weaken the mind, I am half wild, and for that reason, as well

as others, I shun such works as I would a serpent. Once I was ignorant of their baneful effect, and swallowed the poison because it was sweet. Dear-bought experience, and I trust something better, has convinced me, not only of their ruinous tendency, but the *sin* of wasting time in their perusal. Mental peace and mental purity require, not only obedient passions, but well regulated feelings and a well governed imagination.

Aug. 22. I have been *enabled*, in one or two instances, to practice self-denial, and this is a much greater mercy than to have my wishes granted. I find trials of various kinds pressing upon me; but a secret something keeps me from sinking, and I still hope for the removal of all these evils, or a sanctified improvement of them. I feel astonished when I hear aged christians, (after expressing a hope of glory, amounting almost to assurance,) declare they still desire to live longer. If this world has so few charms for me, who am surrounded with countless mercies, and *uncertain* but this is all my portion, how is it possible, it can for one moment lure the stay of a soul convinced of its vanity and rejoicing in hope of heaven.

Aug. 30. If I am really a child of God and a truly converted person, I believe before I die, I shall pass through a season of severe spiritual darkness: for I am so stupid, that my conscience is al-

most sermon-proof, and it is nearly impossible to rouse my soul from its lethargy. Every thing within me and around me, seem conspiring to draw my mind from God and religion; and though I struggle to repel their influence, it appears like opposing a straw to the torrent. Truly salvation is all of grace.

Sept. 3. Yesterday I passed a gloomy day. Mamma's illness, and other trials, nearly overwhelmed me. Towards evening I went to see my grandmother, and after conversing with her felt more composed. This morning my heart melted a little in prayer, and afterwards, reading a description of the Savior's sufferings, my tears flowed freely; and I was enabled to feel in some degree as I wished. The stone for a season appeared to be turned into flesh, and I had some sense of what my dear blessed Jesus endured for sin. O! that I loved him as I ought. Would that every member of this family belonged to the family of God.

Sept. 6. The scriptures mention three great enemies of fallen man; the world, the flesh, and the devil, and bids us beware of their wiles. Which of the three has the most power over my poor soul I cannot determine. But certain it is, *something* leads me into sin *every* day; and *something* prevents my sorrowing for it as I ought. With respect to the world, (if I know my own heart,) I

am not in as much danger from its pleasures as from its cares and sorrows; and no place or employment is exempt from their intrusion.

Sept. 7. What an evil and bitter thing sin is. Sometimes, when I reflect upon some particular sin, that memory calls up, it pierces my heart like a dagger, and I would give worlds to recall it, but in vain. It is numbered with the years beyond the flood, and I can only lament it, pray for pardon, and strive to shun it hereafter. O! how I fail in relative duties. At times I can say, (I think with sincerity,) like Job, "I *abhor* myself," but fear I cannot add, and "repent in dust and ashes;" for repentance includes a ceasing from sin, and I fall into the same sins again. O! if I could feel the power of sin broken within me, if I could find all my corruptions effectually subdued, no earthly happiness would equal mine.

Sept. 10. The return of this gay season, is calculated to awaken many painful reflections in my mind, on a variety of subjects; yet my spirits are unruffled. Bless the Lord, my soul, for his unmerited goodness to me. Yesterday was commencement, and the town was a scene of noise and dissipation. I attended the exhibitions both parts of the day. This morning heard a sermon from Luke xvi. 26. To-morrow mamma leaves home for Killingworth. I hope God will make this little journey, a means of restoring her health.

Sept. 12. A confused and tiresome week is now ended. Providence has seen fit to place me in a situation where I am surrounded by company, business, confusion, and the sure consequence of all these sins. The "still small voice" can hardly be heard, amidst this continued scene of hurry and noise; and divine things are forcibly *driven* from the mind. I am sometimes constrained to exclaim with the Psalmist, "Woe is me that I sojourn in Mesech, that I dwell in the tents of Kedar!"

Sept. 21. God is bountiful to me and mine. My father has been relieved from a dangerous disease, and we hear favorable accounts from my mother. The *temporal* mercies we enjoy, as a family, are innumerable, and we have also the offers of salvation: but O! what answerable returns do we make? I fear for my friends, as well as myself. May the Lord incline all our hearts to keep his law.

Sept. 28. Saturday I visited the death-bed of a christian. She was an ignorant negro woman. I was told she was unable to read. But the Holy Spirit had been her instructor, and she was deeply learned in spiritual things. The truths of holy writ were engraven on her heart, and flowed from her lips,—her faith was strong, her hopes bright, and her soul triumphant over death and the powers of darkness, through the name, and only through the name of Jesus. She appeared to taste the joys

of heaven, and was on the wing to depart, that she might be present with the Lord. If those who doubt the truth of christianity would suffer themselves to witness this scene, they would be constrained to say, "This is the Lord's doings, it is marvellous in our eyes."

Sept. 29. Last night we received information of the death of John Mansfield, of Cincinnati, a highly valued friend and relative. Possessed of youth, health, beauty, genius, learning, and fame, he is suddenly called to resign them all, and bow to the king of terrors. Death rarely finds such a victim, and the grave rarely closes over such a prey. But all is vanity: and he has gone, where the smallest degree of true faith, is worth all he possessed. Such events yield much instruction to survivors. They teach us, that no earthly possession is worth envying, and that preparation for death is the only object worth pursuing.

The individual mentioned here, was a native of New Haven, and had been residing a few years in Cincinnati. He commanded a company of volunteers, who accompanied Gen. Hull in his disastrous northern expedition. Chagrin and disappointment, at Hull's unexpected surrender, and exposure to the night air on the rivers in an open boat, when returning to Cincinnati, occasioned a malignant fever,

which closed his brief and bright career at the age of twenty-four.

Oct. 5. The face of nature is gradually laying aside her smiles, and assuming the garb of winter. Towards evening the wind rises, and utters that peculiar kind of moan, that can can be felt but not described. To-day has been filled up in the discharge of domestic duties. How soon the time will arrive, when the performance of every *earthly duty* will be beyond my power forever! and how strange that I realize this truth so little.

Oct. 10. The recollection of past sin, pains me to the heart, and the idea that I cannot recall it, aggravates my sufferings. O! what a dreadful feeling is remorse! yet every year I lay up food for the serpent to feed upon during the next. I hate sin, I long and pray to be delivered from it, yet it clings close to me and I seem to strive in vain. This morning a sense of sin and misery seemed to excite fervent prayer, and my thoughts have wandered less than usual, during the day.

Oct. 13. To-day my mother has returned from Killingworth, and through the goodness of God, in comfortable health. My mind is more tranquil, and I pray I may shun hereafter, those sins which have cost me so many tears and so much heart ache.

Sin is the parent of sorrow, and if I commit the one, I must expect the other, for they are inseparable.

Oct. 15. The matter is now agitated in the family, respecting my accompanying Emilia to the South. For myself, I think I am indifferent how it terminates. The Lord order the result as he pleases. I have reason to bless God that my mind is so tranquil, when there are so many things pending, that would naturally produce melancholy. I hope this arises from faith and confidence in God. I think I feel increasing confidence in God, and a firmer practical belief in the doctrine of a particular providence.

Oct. 17. I have been walking out with one of my sisters, and during the walk, and once or twice before to-day, I have felt a gloom creeping upon my mind, at the thoughts of the approaching separation. But the Lord is good, and let me trust in him.

Oct. 20. My spirits remain tranquil, but perhaps preparation for the journey and stupidity, are the causes for this mental peace. Surely it is a great thing to go so far and remain so long, such is the uncertainty of all earthly things. Some of my friends I may never see again, but the Lord help me to put my trust in him.

Oct. 25. To-morrow morning, (if Providence permits,) I shall bid a long, perhaps a last adieu, to my nearest friends, my native home, and all those

familiar objects I have been accustomed to behold from my birth to the present hour. Yet my feelings are composed, and my mind *perfectly* calm. I know not to what cause I must attribute this unexpected tranquillity; whether to stupidity, or the grace of God. I have prayed frequently and fervently for support, when this trial drew near, and that I might be enabled to give up my friends, myself, and all, into the hands of God unconditionally, with faith and humility of soul. Perhaps my present state of mind is in answer to prayer.

Oct. 26. The bells are now tolling to announce the death of our chief magistrate. How empty are all earthly things! This mark of respect is unheard by him, and his naked soul, far beyond the reach of earthly honors, is receiving its sentence at the bar of God; not according to the opinions of political friends or enemies, but the unerring standard of the word of God.

This journey to Charleston, was performed by land, in a private carriage, taking the road adjacent to the sea coast in going down, and the road through the interior in returning. It is to be regretted, that she has left no record of the incidents of this journey, or any description of the long extent of country through which they passed. Her conversation after her return, was highly interesting in both these par-

ticulars : but it cannot be recalled with sufficient exactness or connection, to warrant an insertion here.

As a concise memoir only was contemplated, and a lapse of nineteen years has produced so many changes, both by deaths and removals, it was considered inexpedient to make any effort to obtain distant letters, written at this, or any other period. Such letters only have been inserted in this memoir, as were in possession of two of her sisters.

TO HER FATHER IN NEW HAVEN.

*Fairfield, Oct.* 28, 1812.

We arrived here without much fatigue. Little J. bears riding very well ; and like Marlow, "he makes his father's son welcome everywhere." I suppose you and the family feel lonely this evening ; but a few days will wear away, in some measure, these impressions, though I presume we shall never be forgotten. Our kind Creator has formed us of such materials, that our minds cannot be exercised with precisely the same feelings for a long period. Time, the great instrument in his hands, weakens mental impressions, however painful, and finally wholly effaces them. Our parting this morning was distressing, but O ! how trifling compared with that which death occasions. This consideration ought to teach us, not only composure, but gratitude.

This is the first time I was ever west of West

Haven, of course to me all is new. Bridgeport is a thriving little town, and appears like the beginning of a large city, Stratford bridge pleased me much, because it was so necessary, and appears so well built. I hope it is fully secured against next winter's ice. The horses are manageable and perform well; the carriage is very easy, so with the blessing of divine protection, we may hope to proceed in peace and safety. Please remember us affectionately to every member of the family, particularly our mother; and tell her we are in good health, and in tolerable spirits. Good night, dear father, may the Watchman of Israel grant us his favor and protection, and we need nothing more.

TO HER SISTER IN NEW HAVEN.

*Charleston, (S. C.) Dec.* 25, 1812.

My Dear Sophia :—Your kind letter, of Nov. 19th, which I found waiting for me on my arrival, deserved an earlier answer; but the old proverb, "that none are so busy as those who have nothing to do," appears to be exemplified in my case. I am free from care and employment of a domestic nature, still day after day has passed off without my finding a convenient time and place for writing. The father of Mr. B., and his family, received us affectionately, and have constantly manifested a desire to make us happy. He is very infirm, and

goes out little; and J. appears to yield him considerable amusement. Mrs. B. has the care of every thing relating to the family, and is possessed of great energy of character. Isaac B., as usual, is deeply in love, but kind and pleasant as ever. Claudia is a lovely, happy tempered girl, full of gayety and high spirits, because her extreme youth and inexperience throw a vail between her and the world; and she knows not yet what is behind the scene. Mr. Thomas B., the eldest son, has just returned from Columbia. He is a very talented man,—is mayor of Charleston, and was solicited to stand candidate for governor, but declined. Judge Johnson,* who married the eldest daughter, resembles Dr. Mason, of New-York, so much in person, voice, manner, &c., that I can hardly realize they are two beings.

Mr. B's situation is on a point of land, surrounded on three sides by water. In front, James' Island is in full view; and with a spy-glass we can clearly see the mill, plantation, and houses. On the west side runs Ashly River, skirted with woods on the opposite bank, which appear like the region of solitude and retirement. In the rear of the house we are still encircled by the river, over which a neat

* The late William Johnson, of South Carolina, Judge of the Supreme Court of the United States.

white bridge leads into the country. On the east side lies the city, which appears at a distance more like views of London than any other place I have seen.

If natural and moral beauty were inseparably united, Charleston would stand second to no city in our country; but the dreadful sin of slavery, like the fretting leprosy of the ancient Jews, pollutes every thing it touches; and "even the mind and conscience" of the *best* people here, "are defiled," in some measure, by this horrid iniquity; as destructive of true enjoyment as it is of virtue. The unhealthiness of the climate may, without presumption, be ascribed to this as one of its sources. Independent of the just judgment of God that every sin deserves, these degraded people have a direct tendency to render the air impure. Placed amongst us as they are, with no motive of action but fear, and constantly employed in the lowest and most menial drudgery, their habits are extremely uncleanly; this joined to the heat of the climate, and their prodigious number, might produce an unhealthy state of the atmosphere, without any other cause. At some future period, God may raise up another Wilberforce, as his instrument in removing this scourge and iniquity from our southern country. If sister Elizabeth has returned from her visit to Mrs. Everett, tell her I will write soon.

*January* 4, 1813.

I began this letter on Christmas-day, and end it in another year. "In my mind's eye," I see you all hovering round the fire this evening, and dreading to leave it even for a moment. If it will afford you any satisfaction, I can assure you, that we are nearly in the same situation. The weather has been extremely cold to-day, but we are all in good health, and the new year finds us surrounded with mercies.

I see by the papers, that J. Totten has received a captaincy. I am sure he pays for it dearly in braving the rigor of a Canadian winter, the cannon of the British, and the scalping-knife of the Indian. Tell papa, dear S., I do not think he is very *polite*, for I have written him three or four letters, and received no answer; but his busy season, in making up the yearly accounts at the bank, is a sufficient excuse.

As Miss Lyon's views of slavery are given in the above letter, it seems necessary to observe, that after her return to Connecticut, she spoke with much feeling, of the many excellent traits she observed in the southern character, more particularly in the circle with which she was immediately connected. The hospitality and kindness they manifested, in seasons of sickness and various other calamities, when friendship is most needed, were often subjects of her conversation; and she related many

acts of disinterestedness and generosity, which had come to her knowledge. The kindness and attention she received personally, were always mentioned with sensibility and gratitude. The subject of this memoir, never called evil good, or good evil; or supposed sin changed its nature, under any circumstances; but deeply realized that she, and her northern friends, were also sinners against God, and that "all boasting was excluded." Perhaps few of our fallen race possessed less self-righteousness, or were more ready to extend the mantle of charity over others.

*Charleston, S. C., Feb.* 25, 1813.

A variety of causes have combined to interrupt my diary. Since the last date, I have performed a journey of nearly seven weeks, and since my arrival, my time and attention have been almost constantly engaged, in a course of duties and concerns that I could not omit. But during all this period, I have abundant cause to "sing of mercy." The protection of God, like the air I breathe, has surrounded me in all places, and though continually exposed to dangers, I have been carried through them all in safety. In a land of strangers, far from home, how miserable should I be, did not the providence of God extend to every part of this "sin-worn world," and did I not firmly believe this blessed truth. I know that no evil can befall me, but by

the permission of my heavenly Father, whose goodness and mercy have always followed me, and never have I trusted him in vain.

March 1. To-day I have taken a long ride through the city and its vicinity. My life, however, is very domestic, and I seldom go out except to church. If the Lord is with me, it matters little where I am. The shining of his face can make any place happy, and without the light of his countenance all situations are wretched.

March 15. I have been troubled with an inflammation and swelling in my right hand, for more than a week; and during this period, Satan and sin have assaulted my soul. One day the violence of the attack was so great, that my whole frame became seriously disordered through mental agitation, and my friends sent for a physician. Alas! how little did they or he comprehend my disease. The balm and the Physician of Gilead alone, can administer any health or comfort to me.

March 16. My mind is more composed, and my hand fast recovering. I pray for grace to make a wise improvement of all God's dispensations towards me.

March 19. To-day I received a letter from Sophia, informing me of the death of aunt Lyon. The Lord sanctify this event to her poor distressed daughters. No earthly power can comfort them. My hand still troubles me, and my health is not good.

But ingratitude itself could not complain in my situation. Mercy flows in upon me from every quarter, and all that is wanting is a heart to feel it. Heard a sermon last sabbath, on the danger of worldly conformity. It appeared to be a word in season.

March 24. When I reflect on the dangers through which I passed on my journey, I find abundant cause to believe, not only in the doctrine of God's providence generally, but his *special* care over me in *particular*. Happiness is the pursuit of all, but to seek it in this world, is seeking the living among the dead. The wicked certainly do not possess it; and the righteous have sorrows peculiarly their own.

The most prosperous are sighing for something more, and those in adversity can hardly enjoy the mercies they really do possess.

March 29. The style of preaching here is truly evangelical; but the servants of God can say, as in other places, "Who hath believed our report." The sin of slavery pervades all ranks, and even the children of grace are not uncontaminated. Interest so far darkens the minds of this people, that they justify the practice, and call evil good. But slavery is not the only sin, and may the Lord give me grace to watch over my *own* soul, with all that solicitude its unspeakable worth demands!

April 8. What an inestimable privilege is pray-

er! I have been endeavoring this morning, to draw water out of the wells of salvation. Keep me this day, my Savior; make thy strength perfect in my weakness. "Lead me not into temptation, deliver me from evil, for thine is the kingdom, the power and the glory, forever and ever,—Amen."

April 10. I find myself more inclined to think of troubles, than to meditate upon mercies; and this disposition must be corrected. Very few of my fellow beings have been called to bear so few great outward afflictions, as myself; and perhaps for this very reason my internal mental trials are greater. My spiritual warfare is at times *terrible*.

April 19. Yesterday received tidings of the death of N. Mansfield, of Killingworth. God is thus calling away my relatives by death. I pray for a sanctified improvement of all these events. No drowning creature ever longed for preservation, more than I sometimes do for holiness: and *this* desire God has *promised* shall be satisfied. O! that I had faith to *rest* upon this promise!

TO A SISTER IN NEW HAVEN.

*Charleston, May* 1, 1813.

My Dear Elizabeth:—E. has removed from her confinement, and is apparently in better health than for the last four or five years, and is far more contented than when here before. But still she

earnestly wishes to take up her permanent residence in New Haven, and educate her children there.

* * * * May 4. On reading over what I wrote on Saturday, the reflection crosses my mind, that perhaps I am "disquieting myself in vain." The future is so hidden from us, and so wholly out of our power to regulate, that it seems like folly to exercise any *anxiety* about it, as respects temporal things. Yet there is a prudent *foresight*, that every christian is bound to observe,—a little *timely* caution has prevented much evil. Mr. H. will tell you everything respecting our present situation and plans. Mr. B. cannot hear a word of my returning home this summer; and the idea of leaving Emilia is so painful, that I believe, all things considered, I shall stay over the season; and "if I perish, I perish." The difficulties of her going on this summer, with two such infants, seem almost insurmountable. I feel also desirous of obliging Mr. B. There is nothing in his power to do, to make us happy, that he will neglect: and if the fever appears, he will convey us to Sullivan's Island, and remain through the summer.

Judge Law it seems, has renewed his addresses to Sarah. He was always esteemed by me, and I consider him an excellent man. But still I hope S. will not take this important step, without "first sitting down and counting the cost." She cannot

be both married and single, she cannot unite the advantages of both conditions in one. I can only pray, the Lord order future events in mercy, and sanctify the past.

May 10. Awoke this morning in a happy frame of mind, and was enabled to lift up my heart to God, with praise and gratitude. Love and thanksgiving seemed to fill my soul. I am more and more convinced, that the seat of happiness is the mind. External circumstances have but little effect.

May 19. Nature appears lovely, and the tranquillity of morning is soothing to the mind. But my far-off home, my far-distant friends, this sickly clime which brings death near; and above all *sin*, casts a gloom over my mind, which I cannot remove. O! for a ray from the sun of righteousness, to dispel these shades and dry these tears! Faith *can* do it: and through Christ I trust, I shall finally conquer all my foes, and "put to flight the armies of the aliens." What is before me I cannot tell, neither is it *my* business to inquire. The path of duty, (when known,) must be pursued with humility and perseverance, and future things left with God. "Sufficient for the day, is the evil thereof."

May 27. Seven months this day, I left my native roof, and my God only knows, if I shall ever see it more. Taking all things into consideration,

it is very doubtful whether I ever do. The place, the time,—and the manner of my death, is of very little consequence ; the only important thing is to be prepared through faith in Jesus Christ. Sometimes my mind feels easy on the subject, and I can, (in a great measure,) give up health and sickness, life and death, time and eternity, to God. Then again, I feel dismayed at the prospect, and think there is yet much to be done, before I can die safely. Sin is the cause of all my sufferings.

May 29. Thursday afternoon I was again beset by the dreadful temptation, that has assailed me so powerfully of late. A great part of the night I spent in prayer, for sleep was banished from my eyes, and despair almost took possession of my soul. Yesterday I felt more tranquil, and in the afternoon accompanied the family to James Island, in the hope it might be an *instrument* of doing me good ; though agitation of mind, and want of sleep, made me weak and indisposed. Last night I slept quietly, and to-day my mind is comfortable. The great God with whom is all power, appear for me, and deliver me from "this thorn in the flesh," "this messenger of Satan."

TO HER FATHER IN NEW HAVEN.

*Charleston, June* 23, 1813.

You can hardly imagine, my dear father, how happy we were to see your hand-writing once more.

Your long silence had created a considerable degree of surprise and anxiety. We rejoice to hear that your health, and that of the family, have generally been good; though God has commissioned sickness and death to enter within our borders, and consign to the grave many of our acquaintances. The scriptures speak of "length of days," as a peculiar blessing,—and if so, we have reason for gratitude, that our lives are continued thus far; and I hope the time which yet remains, will not be misimproved by us.

Charleston is at present tolerably healthy. A few cases of the country fever have appeared; but as none are attacked but those who have been living among the rice-swamps, and the fresh water stagnant-ponds, we are not considered subjects. Those who are seized with it, are brought down to Charleston for change of air, which proves very beneficial. We have not been in town since this month commenced, and calculate to remain prisoners the remainder of the summer. I have suffered less with heat than I expected. Our situation is so very airy, that when the mercury stands at 88 or 90 degrees, we have such a gale we can hardly bear the windows open. That passage of your letter which referred to old Mr. Bennett, I read to him. He thanks you for your attention. His health continues very poor, and part of the time he

is quite confined. Little J. grows apace. He has become very brown, and goes about the house with a whip, and if mamma could see him now, she would call him a complete commodore. Sometimes he sets up family government over Lois, and notwithstanding his early age, we find old Adam begins to appear. I was glad to hear, dear father, that your winter evenings, with Col. Mansfield's* assistance, had been devoted to your favorite study, Algebra. I hope it was an instrument of relieving your mind from care, and the pressure of business. I am sorry, particularly on your account, that he is going to leave New Haven: for, as Hamlet says of his father, "take him all in all, we shall not look upon his like again."

TO HER PARENTS IN NEW HAVEN.

*Charleston, July* 22, 1813.

My Dear Father and my Dear Mother:— This letter will be the messenger both of bad and good tidings. Bad, when I inform you Emilia has been sick—good, when I add she is fast recovering. The 27th of June, the same day Sarah was married, she was seized with a fever, which continued three weeks. It is nearly a week since it

* The late Col. Jared Mansfield, professor at West Point.

left her; her appetite has returned; she is taking bark and wine, and will probably soon be able to go down stairs. Perhaps we should not have informed you of this circumstance at all, had we not feared you would hear of it from some other source, with exaggerations. I hope, my dear parents, we shall none of us forget the goodness of God in this event. It appears to be a *special interposition of his mercy in my favor*, and my prayer is, that I may regard it as such. I shall write again in two or three days, because I know your anxiety; (yet I assure you she is now preparing to eat some broiled chicken and homminy.) In the meantime, let us offer to the Preserver of our lives, a tribute of gratitude for his distinguishing kindness to us more than to others. No reason can be given for it, but this, "Even so Father, for so it hath seemed good in thy sight."

Our minds have been so absorbed, that we have hardly thought of S's marriage; but as far as human judgment can extend, we have reason to believe it will promote the happiness of all parties. The citizens of Charleston are in a state of alarm, respecting the British squadron, now only one hundred and fifty miles off. They are repairing and manning the forts, and making preparation to receive admiral Cockburn. The course the enemy have taken in the middle States, may well excite

terror. The beautiful little village of Havre de Grace, (where we slept two nights,) is laid in ruins; and the house where we lodged burnt to ashes. When we were there they were building a new meeting house, which the British left standing, out of respect to religion. How strange, that the human mind can ever be so enveloped in darkness as to suppose, that taking hold of the "horns of the altar" will absolve, in any degree, from the guilt of rapine, violence, and murder.

The children are well; and though night-watching, fatigue, and anxiety, have taken off some of my flesh, yet I have been brought thus far by that good Being, whose grace is sufficient for every emergency, and I have cause for nothing but thankfulness and praise.

E. and myself long to have my dear father and mother taste of some of our delicious fruit. We have ripe figs, fresh from the trees, so rich, that the honey drops from them when opened. Yesterday we had a watermelon two and a half feet long.

Love to grandmother, uncle G. Mansfield's family, uncle Lyon and family, Mrs. Leffingwell and family, with all the remainder of our relatives. I will endeavor to add a few words in the morning before the mail closes.

*July* 23.

Dr. P. has taken leave of E., and, to use his own

words, resigned her over to the cook. Do let us try to remember this fresh instance of divine mercy —"let us take the cup of thanksgiving, and make mention of the goodness of the Lord, who hath dealt so bountifully with us."

Mr. B. and myself have nursed her entirely, as she could not bear that any other one should enter the chamber. But God has strengthened me, in the inward and outward man, and blessed be his name forever.

TO A SISTER IN NEW HAVEN.

*Charleston, Aug.* 2, 1813.

My Dear Sophia:— * * * *

* * * * * * * *

Mr. Leland, a clergyman of this city, is going to the north. He will call on you, and if convenient, I would request some member of the family to introduce him to Mr. Taylor. Mr. T. will run no risk of hearing any thing contrary to sound doctrine by inviting him into his desk. Elizabeth will remember him perfectly.

The sickly season has arrived, dear S., and I frequently think "the ides of March are come," and where I may be before they are past. The words of the great Cæsar, and the soothsayer's reply, occur very often to my mind; but I cannot say they produce any alarm. I never felt less fear

of sickness in my life than at present. If this tranquillity arises from ignorance of my danger, and a stupidity of soul, it may be most dreadfully shaken before long; but if it proceeds from a sincere and firm belief in the doctrine of God's general and particular providence, and of his eternal sovereignty, in fixing the boundary line of the lives of all his creatures, it is built on the right foundation. I pray God to prepare me, by his grace, for heaven, and then let him do what seemeth him good.

*Afternoon, Aug.* 2.

Mr. B. brought us Elizabeth's and your united letter when he came home to dinner. It was truly acceptable. Your agitation, my dear sister, at parting with Sarah, is natural, and your solicitude respecting our health is also natural. But all we can do, is to give up ourselves and friends to him who made us, and let the potter do what he pleases with his own clay. The scriptures teach us, and we find by experience and observation, that "the issues of life" are with God; and that his Almighty power can as easily preserve the life of David in the pestilence as David on the throne.

The babe is the best child you ever saw—very healthy, and quiet as a lamb. Her father says she resembles me, which is paying the child a poor compliment. If Sarah were to see me now, she would laugh more than she did when I returned

from Boston. I have grown so black, thin, and homely, that I almost frighten myself. This, however, is a small thing to me, who never had any beauty to lose.

TO A SISTER IN MEREDITH, N. Y.

*Charleston, Aug.* 26, 1813.

Dear Sarah:—We received Mr. Law's letter with pleasure, and thank him for his expressions of brotherly affection, and hope I shall never do any thing to forfeit it. If God should once more restore us to the land of our forefathers, we may, through his goodness, enjoy many happy hours, both in M. and N. H., and our meeting be as happy as our separation was painful. But all these things are in the hands of Him, who doeth what he will with his own; and uncertainty, *great* uncertainty, is written upon this, as well as upon all other future events. We can only pray, wait, and trust.

If my mind had not been so engrossed this summer by Emilia's severe illness, other sickness in the family, and poor Claudia's death, I should think more of the loss we have sustained by your marriage. But duty did not require you to remain where you were, and I think we have reason to bless God for effecting this union. We are complete captives. Since the first of June we have hardly been out of doors; and the great aggrava-

tion of this confinement is, the omitting of public worship. In this particular, I am uncertain what duty is, and have, therefore, yielded to the wishes and advice of my friends. When Satan endeavored to persuade our Savior to cast himself down from the pinnacle of the temple, mentioning, as an inducement, the care of his heavenly Father over his children, Jesus answered, "Thou shalt not tempt the Lord thy God." So it appears that running into danger, uncalled, is tempting God. But when duty is evident, we ought to disregard danger and trust to his care and providence.

I should like very much to know Mr. Law's opinion on this particular subject.

*August* 28.

Last night we were visited with a violent tornado, which spread destruction far and wide. An elegant bridge over Ashley river, which yesterday afternoon appeared so beautiful from the window, we beheld this morning in ruins, and part of it carried entirely away. A number of vessels are driven up on the beach—chimneys are blown down—trees and fences lie prostrate; and one unfinished building lies level with the earth. The wind and rain were violent beyond description. The house rocked like a cradle, and we were all up the greatest part of the night. Providence has, however, pre-

served us through the danger, and I pray that my spared life may not be spared in vain.

The people here are longing for cool weather and frosty nights, as with those health will probably return. Health is a mercy every one earnestly covets; but sickness sinks into a trifle, when compared with loss of reason or loss of mental peace; and it is nothing when compared with the greatest of all evils, sin. The business of life, with many individuals, appears to be only to prolong it, without taking care to improve it; and to enjoy the days as they roll along, without considering their end. It is truly astonishing, that we can let time pass with so little improvement, and meet one Saturday evening after another, with the same feelings we should experience were they to endure forever.

It is nearly three weeks since we have heard from our dear absent friends in N. H.; but they are in the hands of God. This consideration is sometimes a great support to me, and I can rest in it. But when faith is weak, I get melancholy, and am driven from my rest.

Remember me in your prayers, and ask your husband not to forget me at the throne of grace. Farewell, dear sister; should we meet no more in this world, the blessed God grant that we may meet in the kingdom of glory, through Jesus Christ, the *only* support, stay, and comfort of my soul.

TO TWO OF HER SISTERS IN NEW HAVEN.

*Charleston, Nov.* 12, 1813.

My Dear Elizabeth and Sophia :—"As waters to a thirsty soul, so is good news from a far country;" and if any thing can gladden my soul, it is to hear, that those I love are in health, and prosper; especially, that their souls prosper.

Judging your feelings by our own, we have endeavored to let you hear from us once in two or three weeks, ever since we left home. Mr. B. expects to go to Columbia next week, and will be absent two or three weeks. If we prefer it, we shall spend the time on James Island, with Mr. B's father, as Mrs. B. is anxious we should. Last winter Claudia was with her, and the vacuum her death has occasioned, is deeply felt both by her and her husband. The other evening our feelings were much pained, with reading the death of a little girl of six years of age, named Hannah Gordon, a native of New Haven, Conn. Her parents are supposed to be in Savannah, and being in destitute circumstances, left this child with Mr. A. of Georgetown. About an hour before we read the notice, we were planning to send her a present; but death frustrated our scheme, as it is has often done those of more consequence.

*November* 15.

Yesterday Emilia carried her little girl to church, and had her baptized by the name of Lois Mansfield. If she is hereafter dissatisfied with her first name, she can be called Mansfield. Surnames for female children are not uncommon here. The changes are so great here in the weather, that sometimes I put on flannel and throw it off two or three times a week; but yet I prefer this climate much to ours. The proportion of cold in the twelve months is quite sufficient for me; and for some reason beyond my comprehension, I never felt the heat less, or the cold more sensibly in my life, than during the last year. Give my love to all my relatives, especially grandmother. The poor old lady is left like the "pelican in the wilderness," while *all* her contemporaries have *long since* passed over Jordan, and *many* of them are enjoying the blessings of the promised land. Remember me to Mrs. Leffingwell, Mrs. Wooster, and Mrs. Beers. I was very much overcome at uncle Beer's death. The friendship he has always manifested for us could not fail of obtaining ours in return. Indeed, I feel as if I had almost lost a second father. The kind affection uncle and aunt B. exercised towards us during the period of childhood, I shall never, never forget.

Sometimes, my dear sisters, when I reflect upon

the changes which have taken place since my absence, I almost feel a tremor at the idea of returning. Write soon again, my dear sisters, and *minutely*. Give my love to brother William. Tell him if I never return, I bequeath him my map of New York, as a legacy.*

TO HER MOTHER IN NEW HAVEN, CONN.

*Charleston, Jan.* 5, 1814.

My Dear Mother :—Your presents by Capt. W. arrived in safety. We thank you for remembering us in this way; and we have not been unmindful of you. E. and myself have been preparing a jar of orange sweetmeats for you and our dear father; and we think you will not like them the less, from being made by the hands of your absent children. The oranges were presented by a lady on James Island, whose plantation joins Mr. Bennett's. When we were there, we were gratified with the sight of an *orange orchard;* large trees full of green fruit, with here and there one of a perfect gold color. When I stood under their branches, I thought how pleased my father would be with such a novel spectacle.

Mr. Bennett's long protracted infirmities, give us reason to fear they will finally terminate in death.

* A map presented by an esteemed friend.

He bears them with cheerfulness, and expresses perfect resignation to the will of God, whether it be life or death. If this proceeds from *true faith*, he is a happy man, and we have reason to think it does, as he manifests such uncommon patience under suffering.

Charleston has sustained a great loss in the death of Dr. Keith. He was a good man, and "showed his faith by his works." His house was the asylum of all who needed his assistance. The poor slaves were the special objects of his attention. Twice a week they met at his house to receive instruction, and he was made an instrument of bringing many of them from the paths of ignorance and sin, to the wisdom of the just. I can hardly feel willing to resign him to death, when I remember how often he has spoken comfort to my soul, in times of trouble. "Give yourself up to God and trust in him," he would say to me, while his countenance showed how deeply he experienced, what he was desirous of imparting to others, *firm unwavering faith*. Death is no evil to those who are in Christ; but rather an emancipation from the prison of this world, and from the chains that sin has forged for the guilty children of Adam.

Please give my love to every member of the family, and tell Sophia I long to see her. I hope that you pray for me. Oh, my mother, you know

not how much I need your prayers! But I will not distress you. God has erected a throne of mercy in the heavens. "Thanks be unto God for his unspeakable gift." Do write soon, my dear mother. Your letters are like balm to my soul.

TO HER FATHER IN NEW HAVEN.

*Charleston, March* 19, 1814.

We have received Sophia's letter, acknowledging the reception of Mr. B's letter, conveying the tidings of his father's decease, and our then melancholy situation.

The removal of any one by death is a solemn and important event; but when the destroying angel is commissioned, (as in the present instance,) to lay prostrate one, who, to an uncommon degree, was the guide, protector, and support of a numerous family of children and grandchildren, it is peculiarly distressing, and as such his family feel it. Time, however, God's great instrument of imparting consolation under bereavements, has mellowed down their feelings, and they are now pursuing their ordinary business with composure, and even with cheerfulness. Mrs. B., the greatest sufferer by this dispensation, to uncommon strength of mind and native fortitude, joins, I believe, christian resignation; and, notwithstanding the bitterness of a double blow of divine chastisement, she furnishes

her children with an example of firmness and submission to the will of God. She frequently assures them, that the Lord has a controversy with the family, and exhorts them to make a spiritual improvement of these afflictions, lest they should prove merely a prelude to greater.

A short time before Mr. B's death he made his will, and called me to witness it. After it was finished, he told me a great burden was removed from his mind; his worldly business was settled according to his wishes, and he was ready to depart whenever God saw fit. He left his two sons, Thomas and Joseph, executors of his will. Throughout his whole illness, his patience and cheerfulness were almost unequaled, though his sufferings were part of the time very great, and such as would naturally produce complaint and peevishness. From Monday morning until he died, which was Thursday forenoon, I kept my post at the head of his bed. The last offices done for him were done by me. I sprinkled the bed with vinegar, and wet his lips with wine and water while he continued to breathe—and long after the family were obliged to quit the bed-side, and even the room, I remained calm and self-collected. But O! my dear father, how weak is human nature! After witnessing the conflict between soul and body for two or three days, just at the moment when the conflict ceased,

my strength ceased also, and for a few minutes my reason nearly forsook me. Coward-like, I sunk at *beholding* what I must soon *experience* myself, the separation of the mortal and immortal existence.

The funeral scene was to us entirely new; and you will be surprised to hear the expenses of it were between five and six hundred dollars. The services were performed by candle light, and when we came out of the church, and saw, through the darkness of the night, lights burning round the grave, and heard, as we passed, the earth falling upon the coffin, I thought how unwise it was to clothe any thing so awful in itself as death, with artificial horrors. Had the funeral been attended in the day-time, the soul might have been as much edified, and the imagination less appalled. Since we have been here, Providence has seen fit to surround us, a great portion of the time, with sickness, sorrow, and death. The Saturday before Mr. B. expired, Mrs. Scott, sister of Mrs. T. Bennet and Miss Stone, came over from James Island in a very feeble state of health, for the purpose of being with her sisters, and obtaining proper medical aid; but means were ineffectual. She died about midnight. Her death was probably hastened by the exertion of the day. Thus one house contained the dying, and another held the dead. I have but one prayer to offer for this family and for myself—that God

would make all these events instrumental of promoting his glory, and the good of our souls.

We have received Sophia's letter, mentioning the death of uncle Lines, and shall write to aunt L. this week.

TO HER FATHER IN NEW HAVEN.

*Charleston, March* 25, 1814.

Elizabeth's letter to E. arrived last Saturday, and I have a fresh call for my gratitude to God, that death has not yet been suffered to lay his icy hand on any of my dear father's family. Bless the Lord O! our souls! Judge Johnson is expected next week. I spent the day at his house a short time before he left home. I told him I hoped he would form an acquaintance with our Connecticut senator, Mr. Daggett, for, though their political sentiments might not exactly accord, he would find his society highly interesting. I was glad Mr. D. found leisure to write you from Washington.

Mrs. Bennett has had some thoughts of accompanying us to Connecticut. When you write, dear father, please send some message to her respecting it. She is now in the country, attending to her plantation, and I expect to visit her to-morrow. She wishes the whole family to go over and stay with her. Isaac's wedding was postponed, as it was appointed the day his father was dying.

Should the state of the country render it safe, we shall return by water; but at present there is no such probability. So long a journey by land again, is a great undertaking; but we must determine on something soon, as it would be highly dangerous to ride through the southern country after the middle of May. Sometimes we almost conclude to stay over another summer, and then we are all anxiety to be gone. For myself, I feel no fears respecting sickness. I am on this subject, wholly inapprehensive. But E. remembers her fever, and fears for me, as well as for herself; perhaps more, for seeing my unconcern. I pray we may all be directed right by Him, who knoweth what will be for our good.

Mr. Thomas Bennett, and his family; Judge Johnson, and his family; and indeed, the whole circle of family connections, have been very kind and attentive to us, during all our residence here; and appear more attached to us than I should think it possible they could be, (at least, as respects myself,) considering our different habits, manners, &c.

*New Haven, Oct.* 22. 1814.

Almost seventeen months have elapsed, since the last date of my journal. Many providential hindrances continually occurred; but above all, the state of my mind was such, at seasons, as to ren-

der me almost incapable of writing, or indeed, of attending to any regular employment. During this interval, however, I have returned to the place of my nativity, and I hope, also, am emerging from the "horrible pit" into which I unwarily fell.

While absent from home, I was called to pass through very many trying scenes, and by the supporting mercy of God, my mind was sustained and kept from sinking. Sickness, sorrow, and death, was the portion of all around me, and a thick cloud overshadowed us continually. But from outward afflictions, the blessed God saw fit to exempt me. My life was spared, while I was called to part with one and another of those with whom I resided. My health was continued, while beds of pain and languishment were constantly before my eyes. The lives of those nearest and dearest to me were prolonged, while others were bereaved and left solitary. These mercies I would humbly acknowledge; and pray they may be so improved as to promote my spiritual good. But O! how great have been my mental sufferings. One huge wave of temptation after another, has rolled over me. The sinfulness of my nature has been unfolded to my view; and vices and corruptions that I knew not existed at all, I found were the deep-rooted inmates, and the determined possessors of my heart. I saw with astonishment, how much I had been all

my life indebted to the *restraining* grace of God. I saw sin in every thing. Sin in my nature—sin in my practice. The conflict was sometimes so violent, that the apostle's expression, "Resisting unto blood, striving against sin," was easily comprehended. But the warfare is not yet accomplished. The Lord give me grace "to gird up my loins," watch and be sober.

Miss Lyon returned to New Haven, June 18, 1814.

Sin, as she often observed, is undoubtedly the cause of the spiritual sufferings of christians in this life; for were they perfectly satisfied, they would then be perfectly happy. But physical causes also co-operate powerfully in producing these dreadful trials, in a being so organized as man. In her case, they might be clearly traced, in a great measure, to such causes.

In addition to the usual enervating effects of a southern climate, her system had become surcharged with bile, to such a degree, that her complexion, naturally fair, was so changed, that a near neighbor, who sat opposite to her at an evening lecture, a few days after her return to New Haven, did not recognise her. There had also been continual sickness and two deaths in the family; and Miss Lyon, with that self-sacrificing spirit which distinguished

her, nursed, watched, and attended upon the sick, far beyond her strength. Miss Claudia Bennett's, was the first of these deaths. She died with malignant fever; had slept with Miss L., and was greatly beloved by her, for the sweetness of her temper, and many interesting qualities. Miss L. could only be kept from her sick room, by entreaties, amounting to prohibition; the friends of the family supposing, if she took the fever, a stranger to the climate, her death would be inevitable. The same summer, her sister, Mrs. B., was seized with yellow fever, and given over by the physicians; but after much suffering, God was pleased to restore her again to health. Miss L. was with her almost constantly, night and day, except what time she devoted to the two children of her sister, the youngest an infant of five months.

The second death, was Mr. B., father of her step-brother. She had been in declining health, from her first arrival in Charleston; and the kindness and paternal affection which he manifested for her, had interested her much in his illness. After it became alarming, her attention to him was constant, except when higher duties called her elsewhere. She closed his dying eyes. Her work then being done, she fainted from exhaustion and was carried from the chamber of death. Her sensibility was at all times extreme, and her nervous system suffered

exceedingly from these repeated shocks. She became physically unable to gird up the loins of her mind and resist the assaults of her enemy, as she might have done in some measure under different circumstances. From a tender regard of the feelings of friends, her state of mind was generally known only to herself. Her letters to the north were always cheerful, when addressed to her parents; and *rarely, indeed*, made an allusion to her own peculiar sufferings in her communications to her sisters.

Oct. 24. I think long experience has taught me, that if ever I feel a spirit of devotion, a spirit of prayer, or communion with God, it is in the closet. Prayer is a privilege, a comfort. But to watch over ourselves, lest we offend in *thought*, word, or deed, is an arduous task. Divine grace only can enable up to perform it.

Nov. 5. Our Savior endured the contradiction of sinners against himself, and I am obliged to call up his example to support me under provocation; and what appears to my mind injurious treatment. Perhaps it is self-love *only*, which makes these things so hard to bear. If so, I pray that God will pardon me, enlighten my mind to see it, and pardon those also who injure me, and turn their hearts to love and holiness.

Nov. 10. Called on a friend in mental darkness

and hope our conversation may prove beneficial to the souls of both. My health is good, my mind generally tranquil, and my sleep quiet. The last two of these mercies are highly prized by such as have experienced their loss. No other can truly realize their value, and of course can be as truly thankful for their enjoyment.

TO MRS. SUSAN HUNTINGTON, BOSTON.

*New Haven, Nov.* 10, 1814.

My Ever Dear S. :—You mention your good mother ; I love her as if she were mine. I love the memory of my excellent uncle ; but I will not suffer my thoughts to follow his mortal remains to the dust, and rest there in useless regret. I compel them to mount upward to heaven. There in " my mind's eye," I behold him, clothed in the white robe of the saints, and joining in that song he began, and taught others on earth ; " Worthy is the Lamb, &c." Shall *we* not also in due season, respond to this ascription of praise, and behold those glories we now conceive of so faintly? If our glorified spirits meet there, it will seem of little importance that our interviews on earth were so hurried, short, and interrupted. There we shall have but one employment, one mind, and one soul. O ! I *will* cling to the blessed hope of entering into this rest, for it is the anchor of my soul. This vision of heaven

by faith, is a cordial administered at intervals, as we have need. Though we are obliged to descend from the mount, and lose the heavenly prospect by traversing the valley,—yet it is a subject for praise and gratitude, that we have sometimes a partial glimpse, a foretaste to cheer us in the path of duty, and quicken our desires after the fruition of the kingdom of heaven.

When you write again, inform me particularly respecting your spiritual state. My own hope of late, (though sometimes it burns brightly,) resembles at seasons, a flame in the socket, sinking and almost extinguished. The God of mercy heal my spiritual diseases, and increase my faith.

How did you like Mr. Leland? He is a happy representative of the religious community of Charleston. There are some *good* people in that place; though sin nowhere abounds as in large cities. Dr. Flinn is opposing the tide of corruption with all his power. The labors of the lamented Dr. Keith have ceased; and his pastoral duties have devolved on Mr. Palmer, whom you probably recollect.

Nov. 29. Providence has favored us with a warm and pleasant autumn. I would thank God for this favor to me, (having spent the last two winters in a southern climate, makes me more susceptible of cold;) and also towards the children of want.

Dec. 13. This morning I enjoyed a sweet season of prayer, and the sense of it did not immediately wear off, although my worldly avocations called for my direct and continued attention. Mental peace is generally my portion of late. I lie down and rise up with a tranquil mind. The bounties of His providence are lavished upon me, and the happiness of heaven is offered to my acceptance. "What shall I render to the Lord."

Dec. 27. Scarcely a day passes, but we are called, in some one thing, to take up the cross; and happy are they, who like our Savior, bear it meekly. Sometimes, our greatest crosses proceed from our greatest temporal blessings and dearest earthly friends. Imperfection is written on all below, and every mercy may be a source of sorrow.

Jan. 1, 1815. This is the first sabbath of our assembling in the new church, the first day of the month and the year. Mr. Taylor's sermon this morning, and Dr. Dwight's this afternoon, were striking, solemn and impressive. I have renewedly given up myself to God.

Feb. 8. I have lately experienced some uncommon seasons of prayer, which I think cannot be delusions. This morning I received sensible relief by prayer, from a weight of gloom that distressed me exceedingly. I now record it, that I may acknowledge the goodness of my God, in granting

*me* such tokens, that he indeed heareth prayer, and answereth the petitions of his creatures.

Feb. 15. The news of peace has diffused a general joy through the country. Last evening the city was illuminated, and the voice of rejoicing resounded through our streets: but my heart is stupid and ungrateful, under the reception of this mercy.

Feb. 27. Saturday P. M., a stranger called here. I relieved her as far as I was able, and endeavored to convince her how sinful it was to yield to the dominion of passion and despair. She expressed a fear, that I would withhold my kindness, when I should know her extreme wickedness and desperation under trials; but alas! I knew too much of "the secret chambers of imagery" in my own heart, to hear her story with any sensations but those of pity.

Ignorance of the human heart only, can lead any to expect salvation by the deeds of the law: or, in other words, as the consequence of personal merit. Eternal salvation is not only an act of free grace, but the smallest temporal mercy is also an act of free grace, being wholly undeserved.

March 7. I have lately read the life and religious experience of Mrs. Ramsay, of S. C. She mentions, in terms of great self-abasement, the prevalence of her besetting sin; and sometimes ap-

pears almost in despair under its workings. I can easily comprehend her feelings, though ignorant of what particular sin afflicted her. I wish she had named it; it might have given comfort to some distressed soul, tempted by the same "messenger of Satan." But the remains of that pride, inherited from Adam, makes us unwilling that others should know our depravity, though conscious of it ourselves. Those dreadful heart sins, beyond the reach of human sight, are by far the most malignant, the most heinous in the sight of God; and, to a soul in any measure enlightened, the most dreadful to bear.

March 10. A disappointment last evening, caused me to pass a wretched night. I sought relief where alone it can be found, and the Lord heard me. O my God! for thy Son's sake, keep my sinful heart from that extreme wickedness of harboring one hard thought of thee.

March 21. My mind has been of late, much perplexed, and sometimes distressed, on the subject of divine providence. I cannot see the line of distinction between the will and good pleasure of God, in human affairs, and the free agency and wickedness of man. I cannot discern the "leadings of Providence" in such a way, as to be satisfied respecting my duty and the will of God.

How anxious we are for temporal happiness, and

how unwilling to resign the hope, that futurity will bring a larger portion of earthly enjoyment; or at least, that the *present* causes for disquiet will be removed. And yet, one of the greatest instruments of weaning us from life, and preparing us for death, is worldly affliction under its various forms. The great God assist me in the work of mental discipline. A well regulated mind will, through grace, render almost any situation tolerable.

March 26. "God is love." How often have I been cheered by his grace, and made to drink of the waters of hope. Memory records ten thousand instances of his love, manifested to me in such striking characters, that I could not mistake them, with all my slowness of heart to believe. Relief has followed prayer. The shades of gloom and despondency have been removed from my mind, when overwhelmed; and when no human means interposed to effect it. Temptations, that beset me, with all the malice and fury of devils, have been removed, or their power broken, when I was so weak that I could hardly utter a cry for deliverance. In all these, and a thousand other ways, he has proved himself to me a God of love. O! how ungrateful to distrust his goodness, or forget these proofs of his love.

March 29. The scriptures insist much on faith, and in some places, comprise in it the whole es-

sence of the christian religion. Indeed, this grace is the foundation of all the rest. When faith is in exercise, (if I know what it is,) it is comparatively easy to exercise all the other christian virtues. It gives a spring to exertion—a relish to duty—a fearlessness of danger—an indifference to worldly joy or sorrow, and settles the whole soul in a peaceful, blessed calm.

April 1. The bible is a mine of treasures, and a mine that can never be exhausted. Search ever so deep, and more yet remains to be explored. It is consolation for the afflicted—rest for the weary—support for the sinking, and direction for the wandering. As our circumstances vary, the bible still offers a word in season: as our feelings alter, there is still a portion adapted to our necessities. Nothing is wanting to make a complete whole.

April 6. My heart sinks under the apprehension of the probable trials and temptations of the coming summer. Lord, why this despondency? Why this dreadful foreboding? Am I indeed, all my life, to be the subject of these terrible attacks from my spiritual foes? O! my Creator, pity the soul thou hast made, and forsake not the work of thy own hands! I am weak, necessitous, and most unhappy, and yet my outward situation is such, that I am regarded as a peculiar favorite of Providence by those around me. But thou, blessed God,

knowest the secret sorrows of my heart, and the hidden causes of these sorrows. I spread them all before thee; I pray for their removal, if consistent with thy will and my soul's good. Hear my daily prayer for deliverance, O my God, for Jesus' sake!

April 9. What wretched unbelief pervades my heart! In some instances I have been favored with remarkable answers to prayer, still, I remain a sinner in thought, word, and deed.

April 12. Sickness in the family engages my whole time and attention.

April 18. The sovereign God has taken from me, by death, my darling little niece, Lois M. Bennett. She died on Sunday, 5 o'clock, P. M.; and though her precious clay still remains in the house, I dare not trust myself to behold her. My distress at intervals has been extreme, though at seasons I have enjoyed composure of mind. She lay in my bosom, was fed from my hand, and was to me as a child; but I would not rebel. God's name be praised.

Friday, April 21. Yesterday, we committed the precious remains of our sweet Lois to the grave, and I record the mercy of God, in granting me a calm state of mind during the whole day; which I humbly hope arose from resignation to the divine will. I feel sensible that I deserved the rod, and I desire to kiss it with submission. Several consid-

erations have, (through infinite goodness,) helped to support me under this heavy affliction. A sense of my sinfulness has closed my lips and made me afraid to complain, lest the chastisement should be repeated. A sense also of my extreme ignorance, and inability of judging of the whole design of God in his dispensations. A desire, (I hope a sincere one,) of glorifying God, and a fear of dishonoring my profession. Christians are expected by the world, to bear adversity with patience; and when they do not, the principles on which they profess to act are thought unsound, because inoperative. A belief, (I think grounded on scripture,) that the dear infant has ceased from suffering, and gone to eternal rest. These considerations, with some others, have tended to tranquillize my soul at seasons, though the anguish of my spirit has been great. Prayer has been an instrument of conveying comfort to my soul, and I thank my God for hearing me in this trying season.

I long to have my nature purified in this furnace, and the dross purged away. "I will bear the indignation of the Lord, because I have sinned against him."

Miss Lyon bore this dispensation with outward calmness, and conversed with the family, and sympathizing friends who called, with perfect composure. This was remarkable to those who knew

her mental sufferings, and her uncommon affection for the child, which was more like that of a mother than the relation which she sustained. Resignation and submission were considered by her, as special duties for *her* to exercise in particular, from circumstances which she at this time related to a friend. During her sister's extreme illness in Charleston, she prayed the Lord, if death must enter the family, he would be pleased to spare the mother and take the sweet babe. The Lord saw fit to raise up the mother and spare the child, till she had become so dear to her heart, and *then* remove her by death; and now she observed, "I must be dumb, and open not my mouth."

Miss Lyon, and another aunt, watched with the sweet and suffering babe, the last night of her mortal existence; and among the last words she uttered, while intelligence remained, and after her sight was gone, was a wish to see, or to go to her aunt Mary.

April 24. When I awake in the morning, my spirits are agitated and my heart throbs violently, as I see the place of my *now* angelic Lois, vacant by my side, and reflect that her pillow is the cold earth. But immediately I lift my heart to God, and prayer will still the tempest of my soul.

April 30. My sweet Lois, I trust, has now been a fortnight an inhabitant of the New Jerusalem.

This infant of two years, now understands mysteries the great men of this world cannot comprehend. She has companions, whose faces they could not behold and live; and she has passed a gulf they tremble to approach; and is now forever beyond the reach of sin and suffering, which, in this life, are the companions of all.

May 3. I have been hearing a sacramental discourse from these words, "Master, carest thou not that we perish?" How often have these words been the language of my heart in seasons of unbelief, when providential events have been dark and unhappy. But even the disciples of our Lord, who were witnesses of his miracles, and experienced constant proofs of his kindness and affection, gave way to distrust, and expressed their feelings almost in terms of displeasure. "Master, carest thou not that we perish?"

May 11. Monday, my brother B., with his mother, arrived from Charleston to spend the summer. This meeting is, indeed, a gloomy one.

May 13. The promises of God extend to every case, and yet I seem to seek in vain for one to suit my own *peculiar* situation. But, perhaps, I have also *peculiar* assistance from God; for certainly, I have been strangely supported in some seasons of great anguish, unknown to all around me. This tends to uphold my faith and hope, even when the promises are hid from sight.

May 16. Yesterday I visited the grave of my darling Lois, and to-day I have seen it again. O! how my heart is pained when I remember her endearing actions.

May 20. Since the death of my lamented Lois, unusual sickness in the family, and unusual company, have hardly allowed me time to mourn for her; but perhaps it is best. God frequently makes necessary duty an instrument of preventing the mind from fixing on one subject, and thus restraining grief from becoming extreme. I trust I have felt something like resignation, as respects the event itself; and merely to reflect upon the circumstances, (her sufferings, and the *possibility* that they might have been prevented by the use of other remedies,) can avail nothing. If it was a chastisement designed for me *particularly*, I would patiently kiss the rod.

May 22. O how much I have sinned by discontent! Were I about to die, I think a remembrance of this sin would embitter my death-bed greatly; and yet it is regarded generally, as a light offence. But surely, it is no small matter to arraign the conduct of that Being whose wisdom surpasseth comprehension; and to say practically, "The God who had power to create the world, is unable to govern it." Yet this is the true language of discontent. I bless my God, for if I grow in

grace no other way, I think I increase in *knowledge*. My eyes are gradually opened to see the workings of my mind, when nature prevails, and when grace is triumphant. Sometimes I am taught out of God's law; and sometimes I am enabled to read another page in the book of self-knowledge, and a fresh discovery will open upon me. I feel an increasing conviction of my weakness in judgment, and my fallibility in choosing; and this teaching I hope, comes from God, to whom I would unreservedly commit all the future events of my life, whether joyous or afflictive.

May 26. My sister E. leaves us to-morrow, and commences house-keeping. May the blessing of God go with her, and remain also upon this family. If I accompany her, or remain in my father's house, may the Lord grant me his cheering presence, his protection, his support and his *guidance*.

June 4. On Wednesday night I was taken extremely ill, and am still very weak. My bodily pain was greater than I remember ever to have experienced before. If I were impatient under it, I pray God to forgive me. I found by experience, that meditation and prayer were almost impossible, when the body was racked with pain. A dying bed is no place to prepare for death. To-day I am providentially detained from church. When the mind and body are fatigued and exhausted, with

the *necessary* business and *unnecessary* engagements of the week, retirement and repose are indeed blessings. How strange then, that any one can wish to waste this tranquil season in company and vain conversation.

June 14. What a comfort it is, that God knows all my perplexities, and could remove them if he saw fit. Whether I am an object of his favor, or otherwise, I know that *all* he does is right; and sometimes I can *rest* in his wisdom to plan, and his power to execute, when I smart under his dispensations towards me. I shudder at the idea of being given up to the guidance of my own fallible judgment, and yet I cannot discern what the will of the Lord is concerning me, and what is the result of my own free-agency.

June 20. I have been absent several days at my sister E's. Their house is a delightful summer residence, and I love her family. But O! my hard heart! my evil heart of unbelief. I am afraid of the cross, and am, to a great degree, unthankful for present mercies. I am seeking earthly good, when religion and reason both assure me, it is a dangerous snare to the soul—in a great measure unattainable—fleeting in duration, and unsatisfactory in possession. There is no peace but in Jesus Christ, the friend of sinners.

July 2. This morning attended a prayer meet-

ing lately established. The exercises were conducted by Mr. N., under whose preaching several revivals of religion have recently taken place. The summer is rapidly passing away, and with me, the last season, the last day, and the last hour will soon arrive.

July 12. I have spent the morning with grandmother, and heard from her lips many lessons of wisdom and many words of consolation. My mind has been melancholy and distressed since morning, to a great degree. "Satan, my malicious foe," is constantly aiming his arrows at my peace, as well as my soul. I am not "ignorant of his devices," though I suffer by them. The loss of my darling Lois, has also severely afflicted me to-day, and my tears have flowed freely: yet I thank my God I have enjoyed more mental serenity this summer than I expected, and far more than during the last.

July 17. Yesterday we had a most severe thunder storm; but for some unknown reason, my mind at such seasons feels little alarm. On the contrary, yesterday it seemed a pleasing consideration that God was so near, as the war of the elements appeared to indicate. For some time past I have, at seasons, felt apprehensive, that God had entirely given me up to myself, and withdrawn his providential interference in my concerns. But this morning I had a sweet season, which I hope was a visit of his

gracious Spirit. I felt *willing* to resign my dearest hopes to his blessed will, and would *feel* that all was indeed right. I hardly had a wish for any thing, but only that the will of my God should be done. I thought I loved his name, though crosses and disappointments should be my *constant* portion.

Aug. 3. I think I know something of the inward conflict between grace and the sins of my nature; and I think also, I know something of the contest between Satan and grace, for the conquest of my soul. I have some discernment of the wiles of the adversary, and can, in some measure, distinguish his attacks from those of the world and the flesh. I am not wholly ignorant of my peculiar "besetting sin." The struggle of contending armies in the field of battle, is but a faint picture of the conflict I feel at seasons in my soul. At such times, my only refuge is in God, and my only comfort flying to the shadow of his wings.

Aug. 9. I am astonished, when I observe what a *trifle* will elate or depress my spirits. It is, indeed, a humiliating consideration, and I feel ashamed of my weakness. I am constantly suffering for sin, or blushing for folly.

Aug. 26. The town is very sickly.* Last night

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* A malignant dysentery then prevailed in New Haven.

I watched in a family consisting of only four persons, three of whom lay ill. Several of my relatives are ill with it, and one has died.

Aug. 31. My mind, since Monday evening, has been very much pressed by a particular subject, that has caused me many anxious and many sleepless hours. I have laid the matter before God in prayer, and this morning I have taken up the cross, and had a long conversation with the person concerned, which I pray God to bless, and make instrumental of good. This afternoon a mother and daughter have been laid in one grave, and neither left any evidence of dying in Christ. I am to-day in some measure affected with the prevailing disease. O! my God, enable me so to live that I may meet death with joy. Lord increase my faith.

Sept. 24. The rod of chastisement is still held over this suffering town. The sexton's report yesterday noon, was nine dead. In a season like this, we stand upon the threshold of eternity, and may, before we are aware, enter within its confines. What a solemn time is this! How many hearts are bleeding under bereavements! Various and pressing engagements, the prevailing sickness, company, &c., have hardly left me time to attend to the concerns of my own soul. The blessed God pardon and sanctify me!

Oct. 18. If I have any refuge it is certainly in

the Lord. I have found peace in him, when I could find it nowhere else. Sometimes divine truths come home to my soul with peculiar sweetness, and the promises buoy me up above every thing. My mind is in some degree exercised respecting another visit to Charleston. I have been told the path of duty lay that way, and that Providence evidently pointed it out. But as no one can judge exactly of the state of another's mind, so no one can decide truly what is the *precise* duty of another. What would be *bounden* duty under certain circumstances, would cease to be so, when those circumstances varied, and as each one knows, or ought to know, their own particular temptations, so each one must judge, (with humility and due deference for the opinions of others,) what is their own *true* duty. With respect to inclination, my mind stands neuter, the motives for going or staying, being nearly, or quite equal. If I know my own heart, I am willing, (in this case at least,) to do right, and act in conformity to the will of God. I pray the blessed God to place effectual barriers in my way, if my going would be inconsistent with his glory, or my own real good. I desire with humility to leave the issue with him.

Oct. 27. Past experience has so often convinced me of the fallibility of my own judgment, that I am not only afraid to trust it, but almost to exercise it. I have suffered so severely from lean-

ing to my own understanding, that I fear being again duped by it. This is one reason why I am so anxious to know the path of duty, respecting going to the South. No ultimate evil can ensue from a conscientious discharge of duty, and therefore, it is always safe to perform it. But how to find this narrow path is the question. I have made it a subject of much prayer, but am still perplexed. The blessed God guide me, and prevent my doing aught displeasing to him, or injurious to my own soul.

Miss Lyon's perplexity in ascertaining duty at this time, was occasioned by the situation of her father's family. Her sister, whom she thought of accompanying, was in delicate health, with two small children, and subject to much depression of spirits, particularly at the south. She was the youngest of five daughters, three of whom still remained at home, and Mary felt as if it was the duty of one of them, to accompany her in her exile, for so E. always considered her absence from New Haven. The mother of Miss Lyon, (as has been before observed,) was a nervous invalid, and felt a strong reluctance to part again with her judicious, self-denying, and affectionate child. She often observed, that her mother had the highest claim, and had there been no daughter at home but

herself, duty would have been plain; but all the circumstances considered, rendered it difficult for her to ascertain what was the Lord's will respecting her.

Sabbath, Nov. 5. This morning I awoke very early, before day, and endeavored to lead my mind into a proper train of reflections for the Lord's day, and the communion. The hour is rapidly coming, when the love of Christ will appear more precious than gold; and the benefits of his death, be all that is worth possessing. Sometimes, I feel as if death was very near, yet still the love of the world continues. I feel more and more that I have nothing to rest on but the power of God, to preserve me, even from myself.

Nov. 17. The matter is at last determined, respecting my Charleston trip. E. has concluded to stay in New Haven another year. Perhaps this result is an answer to *long* and earnest prayer, that God would terminate this affair, as his infinite wisdom saw best; and to promote his own glory, and the real good of all concerned. Such has been my prayer, and the present event has followed; therefore, I have reason to rest satisfied and contented.

Thanksgiving, Nov. 30. O! how much I have received since the last anniversary of this kind. I

remember God's supporting mercy in a season of deep affliction, and his forbearing mercy through the whole year.

Dec. 14. My conduct is exactly like that of a child. When a child is exulting in a full flow of health and spirits, we see it leave the presence of its parent, and seek amusements from the various objects which surround it. These objects are sometimes improper, sometimes dangerous, and often, very often, sinful. But no sooner does sickness, accident, or the petty disappointments of childhood, assail it, than it flies to its forsaken parent for assistance and consolation. Just so it is with me. When the sun of prosperity shines warm upon me, and the chords of my mind harmonize with each other, my foolish heart will wander abroad, and *childishly* seek for *gold* in the *dross* of this world. But when my mental sky lowers, or a stroke of deserved chastisement rouses me to a sense of my dependence and danger, then I fly to God,—seek support and comfort from him; and find by renewed experience, that he is the supreme and only good.

Dec. 24. Since writing the above, I have had new and *peculiar* proofs that the Lord is kind and gracious to *me* in *particular*. I always experience his mercy; but when a trial comes, his help is most conspicuous; and these helps in time of need, greatly strengthen my faith. I find when new diffi-

culties arise, I *expect* to be carried through, more than I did formerly, and fly to prayer, as the *sure* channel of God's assistance. If I am a child of God, the next world will clear away all this darkness,—solve all these difficulties, and I shall clearly see through *all* the dispensations of Providence towards me.

Jan. 2, 1816. We are manifestly forbidden to anticipate at all, whether good or evil; and certainly we injure our present situation by doing it. If our minds run forward, contemplating scenes of *future* happiness, we necessarily regard *present* enjoyment with indifference. And if they forebode evil, then the comfort of the present hour is marred. We endanger our temporal peace, and act contrary to christian duty, when we foolishly suffer our calculations to escape the confines of the present day. It is equally absurd, and equally sinful, to indulge painful regret, when meditating on the past, unless conscious of *deliberate* sin.

March 1, 1816. This day begins a new season, and a new volume in my journal.* Would that I could also begin a new life. A life with the peace of God, which passeth all understanding, reigning in my heart. A life of submission to the will of

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* This she did not live to finish.

Providence; and a life of progressive preparation for the kingdom of glory.

March 3. To-day is communion, and I, with the rest of Christ's professed followers, have sat around his table, and received a fresh token of his gracious intentions towards the children of Adam. The sermon was adapted to the occasion, and *happily* adapted to the state of my mind. It told of a *rest;* and it proved that in attaining that rest, much *tribulation* must be encountered. It described the *enemies* to be opposed in the conflict, and the various difficulties of the way; all of which, I thought I perfectly understood.

March 12. Within the short period of eight months, I have heard the death of four associates of my youth, whose intimacy here, made them like members of the family. Twice, in the term of twenty-one months, my bed-fellow was taken from my side by the king of terrors. These things are not without design. The God of providence speaks in language not easily misunderstood. Stupid as I am, I know that life is on the wing, and that I am rapidly approaching the boundary line between this world and eternity. I know that true preparation for death is the only real good worth pursuing, yet the tinsel of this vain world, at times leads my imagination, my heart, and almost my reason in chains.

March 16. For two or three days my mind has

been disturbed with blasphemous thoughts, and at intervals, my distress has been great, fearing I had committed the unpardonable sin. But prayer, using the means for turning my thoughts into another channel, and the idea that I could discern the author of this trouble, have kept me thus far from sinking. O! thou blessed God, Father, Son, and Holy Spirit, my soul supplicates thee to keep me from the power of the adversary, and have mercy on all others tempted in a similar manner.

March 24. The exercises of the day are over, and another sabbath sun near setting. There is something sweet and soothing in this hour, on this day, that communicates itself to any mind tuned to harmonize with it. The bright, though serene face of nature, reminds one of that reconciled face in Christ Jesus, which is the christian's hope. The *tempered* rays of the natural sun, are a striking emblem of the overwhelming glory of God, softened by divine grace, that mortals may contemplate it with the eye of faith and live. O! were it not for some precious moments of this kind, the powers of reflection would be worthless.

March 27. Monday called on two women in affliction, with the hope of administering some consolation. This afternoon I have witnessed the last scene of a brother professor in the church of Christ. He died triumphantly; and is now doubtless rejoicing with the "spirits of the just made perfect."

April 2. This morning I have walked out with my mother. Thursday I accompanied her to a tea-party, and this evening expect to attend another. Too much time spent in this way, I think is sinful, but my motive for thus spending a part of mine, is sometimes, merely a sense of duty. "Satan desires to have me, that he may sift me as wheat;" and I find by experience, that solitude is often an instrument in his hands of distressing and perplexing my soul. He even dared to attack our blessed Savior in the wilderness. His malice towards me is amazing, though at seasons I regard it as an evidence in my favor. I am often perplexed, sometimes confounded, and know not what opinion to form of myself, or what course to take.

TO A NEPHEW IN HARPERSFIELD, NEW YORK.

*New Haven, April* 5, 1816.

My Dear Eli :—My long silence has not arisen from forgetfulness or indifference; for your welfare is as near and dear to my heart, as ever. Almost three and a half years have expired, since we last saw each other; and during this period, we have both passed through a variety of scenes, seen a great many different places, and been the subjects of some suffering. Happy would it be, had we both lived all that time, without committing any sin,

and done exactly as we shall wish we had, when the hour of death arrives.

I trust, my dear E., you feel the necessity of exerting yourself, and establishing a good character for life. Every young man *can* do well, if he labors for that object; and is careful to perform his duty, in the situation where Providence has placed him. *Youth* is the time to acquire good habits, and to lay a sure foundation for usefulness and comfort in future years. But, when this period is suffered to pass away unimproved, the whole after life suffers by the neglect. Endeavor to acquire the confidence of Mr. H. Most of our respectable merchants owe their prosperity, (under the blessing of God,) to the esteem and friendship of their employers; and nothing will conduce more to your advancement in the world, than the confidence of those with whom you pass this important season of your life.

Mr. L. and Mr. B., will inform you of everything interesting, respecting our family. But they can never inform you, how anxious we are for your improvement and welfare. It is difficult to imagine, what pain it would give us, if your conduct should become improper or sinful. Remember, dear E., after this age you must depend on yourself. If you become idle and vicious, farewell to respectability, to prosperity, and every thing valu-

able in this world. If, on the contrary, you are industrious and upright, there is no danger.

We thank the kind lady who took care of you in your illness. You must be grateful and strive to repay the kindness received. I hope before the lapse of another three years, either, that you will be able, (consistent with duty,) to leave your business long enough to make us a visit, or that I shall see you in M.

April 12. It is a common opinion, that we are accountable *only* for our own personal transgressions: but this opinion is without a spiritual warrant. We are, in a great measure, answerable for the sins committed by others, in consequence of our example, and our want of exertion in trying to prevent it. How awfully the final account may swell in this way, no finite mind can comprehend. But every child of Adam knows the obligation we are under, to prevent all sin, as far as we have the power, in others, as well as in ourselves. How unmindful are the best people of this truth. My God cover over my scarlet sins with the blood of Christ, and make me more watchful during the remainder of my days.

April 14. One year, this day and this hour, my darling Lois took her flight from this "sin worn world," and soared to the regions of eternal bliss. God supported me through *that* trial; why then

should I ever despair? Blessed be his name, this day I have again experienced his delivering mercy. My fell adversary levelled his "fiery darts" at my peace and at my soul. Remembering "the wormwood and the gall," I was filled with consternation, and rose from my seat to run, I know not where; when suddenly the idea of *infernal agency* entered my mind, and I exclaimed, "Satan shall not prevail," or words to this amount, and again sat down. I looked upward with anguish, known only to those who have experienced it, and prayed, blessed Jesus pity me! blessed Jesus pity me! blessed Jesus save me! The dear Savior heard me,—the tempter gave way, and his horrid suggestion gradually wore off. "Bless the Lord, O! my soul!"

April 24. To-day have walked out with S., and called at several places. What a vacuum does this world present to my soul. I try to feel as I think others do, and endeavor to cheat myself into the opinion that my trials are not peculiar, but alas it is in vain. Singular indeed, have been my trials,—most mysterious the dispensations of Providence towards me. But yet my soul justifies the blessed God, and though I cannot comprehend, (in some measure,) I learn to trust. A man deranged in intellect, has just passed my window. Let me thank the Lord, that amidst all the convulsions and tumults

that have shook my soul, he is graciously pleased to preserve my reason still.

April 27. Thursday evening I spent with a party of friends, and yesterday morning I passed in the sick chamber of my step-brother. Mr. L's sickness is indeed a season of trial. Those things which the worldling calls good, lose their charms when the body is pained; and *all* that pertains to this life becomes valueless, as another appears to be approaching. Faith, "precious faith," is the only *light* of a sick-room,—the only *opiate* for the wakeful eye,—the only *balm* for the aching heart, and the only *medicine* for the sin-sick soul. Lord give me faith.

April 28. Jesus Christ, and him crucified, is the only foundation of hope. On him my soul leans,—my confidence rests, and on him alone. To-day I had some happy moments. My soul seemed to flutter to be gone. Fear lay dormant, and hope arose almost to exultation. The bliss of heaven was revealed strongly to my mental sight, and for the moment, I almost left the earth. I hope like David, I saw something of the power and glory of God in the sanctuary. O! what a mystery I am to myself. Blessed Jesus, I commit my soul into thy hands.

TO MRS. SUSAN HUNTINGTON, BOSTON.

*New Haven, May* 4, 1816.

My Dear Susan :—When personal intercourse is cut off with those we love, it is a real solace to converse occasionally with the pen. Most persons, and even those, who, in the judgment of candor, must be regarded as christians, are far more clear-sighted in discerning the wisdom of God, in his disposal of the affairs of *others*, than in his interference with their own; especially when that interference is adverse to their wishes. How easily they can see the propriety and *mercy* of pride being humbled,—self-will broken,—patience tried,—unreasonable expectations crossed,—idols removed, &c. But let the rod of divine chastisement touch these moral preachers themselves, with any of the various adversities of human life, and then all is dark and mysterious. "Clouds and darkness are round about the throne of God." His designs are deep and inscrutable, beyond the power of finite beings to explain or comprehend. It is well when this knowledge of the human character is learned by observation alone; but alas! many of us have a more infallible teacher, our inward personal experience. What a striking proof of the prevalence of self-love, and the blindness that clouds our minds where *self* is concerned, thus to erect one standard in

judging for others, and another in judging for ourselves. When reason, and the principles of the christian religion take the seat of government, we do not judge thus. If we *see* the wisdom and justice of God when others are afflicted, we *feel* also that he is just, and wise, in afflicting us. If we *see* that others enjoy the smiles of Providence without desert, and *only* through the free bounty of the Almighty, we *feel* that we enjoy them on the same terms. In all things we are ready to "vindicate the ways of God to man."

The blessings of Providence, dear S., to a careful observer, are evidently meted out, in a great measure, even according to *our* ideas of right and impartiality. God appoints different sources of happiness, and different sources of sorrow for his people, during their stay in this "house of their pilgrimage;" but although differing in *kind*, they are nearly, if not wholly equal in degree. Where external circumstances are happy, the mind will frequently sink under imaginary evils. Where want and difficulty assail the outward situation, the spirits will often be light and buoyant. How often are affluence and sickness, companions through life,—laborious hardship and uninterrupted health,—high rank and heavy family afflictions,—obscure life and domestic comfort. We could both illustrate these remarks by living examples, were it neces-

sary. Even within the narrow circle of our observation, many such instances present themselves to our view.

One great cause of the discontent that seems to pervade almost every heart, in a greater or less degree, is the superficial examination we give those things that the world calls good. We judge of the whole from some conspicuous part, and then draw hasty and erroneous conclusions. It is melancholly that the grace of *real* contentment should be so very rare; and most strange, that when life itself is so rapidly passing away, we *can* be so solicitous about the trifles which compose it.

May 5. I have been so dull and stupid to-day, either through the influence of the season, or some other cause, I have hardly been sensible of what I have heard and seen of the word of life. Two excellent sermons, the Lord's supper, several baptisms, and fervent prayers, all united, have scarcely been able to confine my attention even for a moment. With *every* advantage, how little spiritual improvement I make. Some things give me hope that I am a child of grace; but the evidences against me are innumerable. Why I was born, and why my life has been continued thus far? are questions I have no right to ask. Sin and suffering appear to claim me for their own; and when I reflect that the

remainder of my days will probably be spent like the past, I almost wish they were numbered and finished. But O! let faith prevail, and let patience have its perfect work. Newton's hymn, beginning with the line, "I asked the Lord that I might grow," is so applicable to my case, and such a true delineation of my experience, that I often repeat it. The Lord forgive and comfort me.

May 12. One subject in particular mars all present comfort, and fills me with apprehensions for the future. Can I be a child of God, and feel thus? Can I be an object of divine favor, while divine providence is so continually adverse to my wishes? These are idle questions indeed. I *know* that "whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth;" and that tribulation is the pathway to heaven. I have prayed much on this subject, but, as yet, I have received no answer; no token for good has yet appeared. My mind is harassed and perplexed with the fear that God regards me as beneath his notice, and my sorrows as unworthy his regard. I am most vile, I confess, and of course deserve no good. But I do not sin with impunity, and I "groan, being burdened."

May 25. Last week I spent an afternoon at Mr. Taylor's, with a large number of the society. Thursday the Rev. Mr. D. and his lady, with M. L., took tea with us. I have lately heard two ser-

mons from Dr. Palmer, of Charleston, which have instrumentally done me good. The trials and temptations of the christian life were so clearly delineated, that I recognized my own experience as I listened, and felt a sweet hope that my troubles were consistent with a state of grace. Yesterday and to-day my mind has been composed, and at intervals *happy*, (as I think,) happy in God. I enjoy at seasons some sweet moments of peace, such as the world cannot give. God is my rock,—the refuge of my soul,—my ark of safety.

June 1. Last night when I laid my head on the pillow, I endeavored to take a retrospect of the past day, and learn wherein I had done amiss. I examined the whole day carefully, and though I found many faults, no out-breaking sin stared me in the face. The faults I had committed pained me, though I rejoiced I had been in a measure preserved from sin. In this frame of mind I closed my eyes in sleep, and the "Watchman of Israel" took care of me, and I have had a morning of peace. Thursday I attended a military funeral. A solemn pomp marked the interment of the perishing body, while the immortal soul, far, far beyond this scene of things, has entered upon the *destinies* of eternity.

June 2. Yesterday we received a visit from our old friend Mr. N. Dewit, after an absence of nearly

eight years. The various scenes we have both passed through since we last met,—the heavy and uncommon spiritual trials we have sustained,—the singular care of Providence we have both experienced, rendered this meeting a serious, though a pleasing one. He has preached two able and interesting discourses to-day, particularly the morning one, from these words, "Thou art a priest forever."

June 7. There is a dark cloud hangs over the providence of God towards me. My way is hedged up with thorns, and I find myself like one in the midst of a vast wilderness, without a guide or compass. I feel afraid to venture on any thing but *prayer;* and here God hides himself, and I receive no answer. I contemplate from this day to set apart fifteen minutes every noon, (unless prevented by necessity,) to spread my case before God, and seek direction from him; and to supplicate his grace, that my mind may be set at rest on the subject that has so long agitated and oppressed it. This will be the burden of my petition. Not for the extended universe would I waive my own portion, neither would I dictate to the Supreme Arbiter of all things. I only ask for a settled acquiesence, and to be delivered from these corroding anxieties. In other words, I pray for a firmer *practical* belief in a superintending, general, and *particular* providence. My soul longs to rest here, and to pene-

trate so far into the dealings of God towards me, as shall compose my mind. But alas! I fear I must wait till eternity lifts the veil, and I see God face to face.

June 13. Prayer is truly speaking my *comfort*. It will compose my mind,—sooth my sorrows,—inspire hope,—strengthen patience,—and for a season subdue self-will. Prayerless souls are ignorant how much they lose. Let me submit, trust, love, and adore. Let me submit, for infinite wisdom is at the helm. Let me trust, for in doubting the promises, God's integrity is called in question. Let me love, for whatever befalls me, his character is love, even to perfection. Let me adore, for, though a veil is drawn over the operations of his hand, faith assures me they are altogether righteous.

June 16. The children are just returning from a sabbath school, recently established in this city. Happy state of childish ignorance, and happy would be their state of maturity, if a knowledge of their *duty*, and their *Savior*, were the only knowledge they would obtain by an increase of years. But time multiplies ideas; and an increase of ideas is generally only an increase of sorrows and sins. We cannot breathe the air of this polluted world, with our polluted natures, without contracting the infection; and this moral disease "grows with our growth, and strengthens with our strength." The

children of God, to be sure, are supplied with spiritual medicine to counteract its ravages; but taking this remnant out of the account, and this vast world is little better than a hospital and a mad-house. As ignorance gives place to knowledge, she draws away peace in her train, and leaves unhappy man with an enlightened understanding and an aching heart.

June 21. The General Association of the clergy of this state held their annual session in this city this week. On Wednesday afternoon the sacrament was administered to five or six hundred communicants. A spirit of supplication has appeared to be poured out upon me of late, and my mind has been relieved of many a heavy burden by spreading my case before God. What awaits me I know not; but in the strength of Christ I am determined to pray and wait,—wait and pray, trusting that his promises shall be fulfilled to me also, even to me.

June 26. Monday I felt discouraged, and the tempter whispered that prayer was useless. Does it produce any effect? was a question that sounded in my ears all day at intervals;—*no*, my unbelieving heart would continually answer. Then hard thoughts of Providence would rise in my mind, and gloom and despondency would cloud my spirits.

June 30. I bless my God for the mercies of this day. My heart is full, my God is kind and hears

my complaints. He has supported me in a season of trial, and *will* carry me through whatever awaits me. O! my God, help me to trust in thee,—strengthen my faith,—increase my patience,—forgive my sins,—hear my prayer, and save me from the tempter. I ask only in the name of Jesus, to whom with Thee, and the Holy Spirit, will be all the praise of my salvation to eternity.

July 3. Sometimes I stand on "Prospect Hill." The sun shines warm, the atmosphere is clear, the surrounding objects pleasing, and the *distant* landscape inspires hope, peace, and joy. And then suddenly I find myself in the valley, fighting with Apollyon. I do not rest on *frames*, but on the Lord Jesus Christ, and therefore my *hope* does not sink with my *heart;* but more equanimity of *feeling* is most truly desirable. The shadow of a murmur against the blessed God, either in thought or word, is as unreasonable as it is impious. If we examine, we shall find that *sin* is the root of all our sufferings; either our own sins, or the sins of others. Natural evil was the product of sin in the first place, and we may now safely ascribe all sufferings, of all kinds, to this cause.

July 19. "Why weepest thou," said the blessed Savior to the once polluted, then justified, but now glorified Mary Magdalene. Should the same question be asked me, I would answer, I weep, Lord,

because sin has entered the world, and the crown has fallen from the head of Adam. I weep, because affliction has laid her leaden hand upon every individual of his wretched posterity. I weep, Lord, because my nature is sinful, my affections corrupt, my will rebellious, and my thoughts impious. Surely I have much cause to weep.

July 21. My noon-day prayer was answered for the time, and we must not expect a supply of grace only for the *present* hour. I am convinced that indwelling sin is the source of my continual inquietude. If all were right within, all would be right without. That grace may out-grow nature, and keep it in subjection, must be the business of life; and may the Lord aid me in this arduous conflict.

July 23. My dear brother B. has arrived from Charleston. With him I received a letter from his mother, Mrs. B., and an invitation to accompany him and E. to Charleston the next autumn. I have much cause for gratitude to God for the mercies I enjoy in my friends. Social affections are a source of much enjoyment, and life would indeed be dreary without the comforts of mutual friendship and affection.

Sabbath, 28. I have much cause for the exercise of humility in my soul this evening. I have been so spiritless and dull on religious subjects, and so anxious and inwardly disquieted on temporal

ones. But my uneasiness has not been selfish. The troubles of those I love, and not my own, have burdened my mind to-day, and made me look forward with apprehension. Unbelief is the source of all this. Faith enables the soul to repose in God, and give up all things to the direction of his wisdom. At noon I poured out my soul in earnest supplication, and since that I have felt in some measure relieved. Dispose of me and mine, Lord, according to thine own will, only let the issue be to thy glory and our salvation.

Aug. 4. Once more I have visited the table of the Lord. What a standing proof of the love and death of Christ is this ordinance, continued for more than eighteen centuries the distinguishing badge of the christian church. The hope of salvation through a Savior, is the anchor of my soul in all my trials, of which I have a great share ; though the opinion of the world around me, is to the contrary. But it would be impious ingratitude to my Maker and kind Benefactor, to say I have more than others. I have less than many others ; and less, far less, than I deserve. O! how "earthly, sensual, and devilish" is my heart. I long to be delivered from myself. I long for the happiness of holiness. I am weary of this base world, and yet, astonishing as it is, I find my heart wishing for, and seeking after its enjoyments.

Aug. 19. This afternoon I have been with many others to hear a sermon from Mr. Taylor, at the dwelling of my grandmother, who was this day ninety-one years of age. She will probably never witness another birth-day; but death is no evil to her. She is impatient for her release, and anxiously waiting for the summons. I long for the rest of an eternal sabbath, where my tempest-tossed soul can be at peace; but let a sense of ill-desert make me patient.

Sept. 13. Commencement is over, and, as usual, I have parted with several friends whom I remember with interest. There is in my natural disposition a tendency to melancholly. But I think my increasing experience of the goodness of God, enables me in some measure to trust in him, even when the cloud appears the blackest. It is indeed strange, that my heart is ever heavy, or that my spirits ever sink, when I know so well the power and willingness of God, to help and deliver. O! for more faith.

Sept. 15. My journey through this world resembles one traveling a very narrow path, walled on each side by a hedge of sharp thorns. If *one* false step is taken, if *one* irregular motion is made, the unhappy sufferer finds himself bleeding. On every side I find the enemies of my peace, and the enemies of my soul. I look this way, and my spirit

is wounded. I look the other, and my soul is endangered. I look forward, and clouds of gloom bar up the prospect,—backward, and tears of regret start from my eyes. I can do nothing but look upward,—upward to the God who formed me, and who knows my weakness, and the secret sorrows of my heart. Perhaps it is in mercy, that the waters of this mortal life should all be bitter to my taste, and the gales of this terrestrial atmosphere, wintry blasts. But hold, my pen, and hold, my heart, lest I murmur against the providence of the blessed God. I ought to sing of mercy, as well as judgment. The crown of immortal life is held out to my acceptance. The shining path to heaven is opened to my view. "I will look unto the hills, from whence cometh my help." "What time I am afraid, I will trust in thee."

Sept. 22. The grace of God is sufficient for every emergency, and my faith ought to be strengthened by every fresh proof I receive of the goodness of God towards me. Sometimes all around me is involved in darkness, and despondency *almost* makes me cast away my hope. But the Lord from time to time upholds me, and bids me look up, and trust in him. I will do so, blessed God!

Sept. 27. Yesterday I received a letter, the contents of which were important. I have answered it, (I think,) according to the dictates of truth and

conscience; and, if I have, I may *safely* leave the event to God.

Sept. 29. The Lord is good. He hears my *impatient* prayers, and with *astonishing* condescension grants my request. I have received a *direct* answer to my noon-day petition, after only three months asking. I feel as if I had wrestled with God, and prevailed. O! how ought this event to strengthen my faith, and humble me in the dust at his footstool. How can God's rational creatures neglect prayer, when prayer, joined with faith and patience, will perform such wonders?

Oct. 4. Blessed God, direct me. Look with mercy upon my perplexity, O my Maker! Take from me not only the will, but the power of acting contrary to thy good pleasure. Let me be in thy hands, "as clay in the hands of the potter."

Oct. 6. This has been a happy communion day. My heart was raised to heaven while partaking of the elements, and seemed on the point of bursting with gratitude to the ever blessed God. O what a debt do I owe my Maker! When I thought of the dangers I had escaped,—the temptations through which I had been carried, I could not suppress my tears. Salvation belongs to God, and to his name be all the glory!

Miss Lyon, with her brother-in-law, Mr. B., and

his family, sailed for Charleston on the 12th of this month.

*Charleston, South Carolina.*

Nov. 1. Once more, through the providence of God, I breathe the air of a southern clime, and feel the influence of a southern sun. I hope this step has been taken under the smile of divine approbation, and that the blessing of God will rest upon it. If I know my own heart, *self*-gratification was not my motive for leaving the place of my nativity. I have many ties which bind me there. I commit myself to the care of that Being, who preserved me on the mighty deep; who is my refuge in all places and under all circumstances; and to whom, with the Son and the Spirit, I would hereafter join in a song of endless gratitude and praise.

Nov. 3. To-day is communion, but being distressed with an intense head-ache, I have not enjoyed it as the last. How deluded are those who neglect their eternal interests, with the intention of securing the benefits of repentance on a death-bed, when a slight indisposition unfits the soul for the duties of religion. Blessed God, save thy simple ones from this dreadful delusion of Satan.

Nov. 5. Received a letter to-day from Mr. ——. The Lord direct my conduct, and influence my feelings in this affair.

Nov. 8. Yesterday was observed in this city as a day of thanksgiving, for the uncommon health of the last summer. I felt that I was under peculiar obligations to exercise gratitude towards my blessed Benefactor. The answers to prayer that have been granted me within a few months, are remarkable.

Nov. 14. I have called on Mrs. Bennett, Mrs. Johnson, and Mrs. Stiles. Took tea with Mrs. Stiles on Wednesday. She seems deeply interested in the subject of religion, and treats me with uncommon kindness. I greatly value her friendship. I lead a very domestic life, though I live in a gay, dissipated city, which shows we are not compelled to adopt the customs of the world, though we are obliged to live in it.

Nov. 17. Break the charm, blessed God, that binds my soul to this base world. Raise my affections on the wings of faith and love, to that pure region of spiritual excellence where Thou dwellest. Be thou my supreme good. Never suffer me to be so mad as to expect happiness in ought but Thee.

Nov. 29. Time glides so rapidly away, I can hardly remember the incidents of the preceding day. But they are all registered above. My thoughts, words, and actions,—the events of my whole life, with their causes and consequences,—

the happy or fatal effects of steps I have taken without consideration, and sometimes almost without consciousness,—and above all, the load of moral evil I have contracted during my earthly pilgrimage, will all be disclosed. Spread thy skirt over me, my Savior, in that tremendous day! and present me to the Father in the spotless robe of thine own righteousness,—Amen.

Dec. 3. I find my soul flies more directly to God, in perplexity and sorrow, than formerly. If this is a mark of growing in grace, bless the Lord for it, O my soul.

Dec. 8. How many ways Satan is trying to obtain my soul; but thanks be unto God, I am not wholly ignorant of his devices. Sometimes he appals me, and at other times the cloven foot is so apparent that I can smile at his attempts. Surely there must be something very valuable in my soul, or the conflict would not be so prolonged, or so great. At seasons, the *power* of God is the attribute which comforts and supports my soul more than all others. I have felt calm from a conviction that I was wholly at the disposal of God, even when uncertain what his design was towards me.

TO HER FATHER IN NEW HAVEN.

*Charleston, Dec.* 8, 1816.

My Dear Father:—We have been here about six weeks. Twelve days from the time we sailed from N. H., we were quietly and pleasantly settled in our own house. E. and myself are preparing a package of letters to send by Capt. L., and judging our friends at home by ourselves, we think they will not be unacceptable.

We rejoiced to hear, that the blessings of health was enjoyed by yourself and family in so good a measure; particularly, that our mother is in any degree relieved from those distressing maladies, which afflicted her when we left N. H. Every mitigation of suffering, of whatever kind it may be, is a call for our gratitude to Him, "from whom cometh every good and perfect gift;" and our own health and that of our friends, is certainly among our greatest temporal mercies.

Charleston appears very much as when I left. My former acquaintances are apparently still disposed to exercise a spirit of friendship and kindness towards me. Judge Johnson treats me with much politeness. We were invited there on a dining party a few days since, with Mr. and Mrs. Cheves, and other company. Mr. B. and E. were there, but a headache kept me at home. If you are will-

ing dear father, I wish you would part with one volume of those ancient newspapers, published during the protectorship of Cromwell, that I may present to Judge J., as a donation to the "Literary and Philosophical Society." It would be an acceptable gift to the Society, and gratifying to him. Major Theus still retains the Collector's office, though nearly seventy years of age.

We were glad to learn, that you have a prospect of arranging your tenements and your tenants, according to your wishes. Charleston is very busy in consequence of an uncommon accession of strangers. Provisions of all kinds very high. Butter, seventy-five cents per pound—milk, one shilling per quart—some kinds of meat, two shillings and three pence per pound—ham, twenty-five cents—one dollar and fifty cents for a small turkey—two dollars for a loin of veal, &c.

TO HER FATHER IN NEW HAVEN.

*Charleston, Dec.* 13, 1816.

My Dear Father:—I was sorry to hear of so many failures in my native city; but trust, the present period of commercial embarrassments is the crisis, and better times will soon make their appearance. A Jew, rich in this world's goods, but in other respects an object of pity, lost by a failure, a few days since, $200. Trifling as this sum was

to him, the loss was insupportable, and he destroyed his own life in despair. This blinded people are accused of a stronger attachment to the "yellow god" than christians, and certainly, to extenuate their conduct a little, they do not profess to take the New Testament for their rule. "The veil is still upon their hearts;" and the *precepts*, the mission, and the character of the Lord Jesus, are their scorn. But we have no such excuse to plead. We have a *perfect* example offered for our imitation, and we profess to believe that the revelation by Him is truth itself. How little the christian would appear to realize the disagreement between their professions and practice; and how insensible of the *just* charges that may be brought against them by the posterity of Israel! The Jews exercise a spirit of bitter prejudice and hatred towards christians, and they return it by ridicule and oppression. This is the kind of intercourse between them, and it will probably continue till the glorious period arrives, "when all shall be of one heart and one mind." Then the scattered tribes of Jacob shall be collected, and reinstated in their ancient possession of the land of Canaan—not to celebrate the morning and evening sacrifice of the typical lamb, without spot or blemish, but to offer up the morning and evening sacrifice of *faith* in that Lamb, "slain from the foundation of the world," and to

exalt and magnify that glorified Savior, whom their own impious hands once nailed to the tree!

When I left home my dear father, I put a jar of currant jelly and a jar of preserved barberries, which I made *particularly* for you and mamma, in the east chamber closet. No one but myself, probably, knew the circumstance, and I forgot to mention it when I left home.

I have purchased some silk for mamma a dress, which I shall send on. I hope the color will please her. It is now dark, and Capt. L. sails in the morning, so I must bid my dear father, and all the family, farewell.

Dec. 14. We ought to be diligent in improving every moment of time, when so large a portion of life is taken up in *necessary* employments. If we have half an hour, or fifteen minutes of leisure, we are not at liberty to spend them in idleness. Occupations enough present themselves, which are not absolutely *business*, and while they in some measure amuse may also be useful. We can at least, spend them in reading or writing something that may improve the mind, or what is better, the heart; and thus all our spare moments may be turned to good account.

Dec. 28. Christmas day I attended service at St. Philip's church; dined and spent the remainder

of the day at Mr. Bennett's. Another year is drawing to a close. When I take a retrospect, I find goodness and mercy have followed me through the past year. I have received *direct* answers to prayer. I have been preserved, both by sea and land. In seasons of despondency and gloom, I have been supported, and in due time delivered. In times of temptation I have been rescued, even when the temptation arose from my own unwatchfulness and presumption. Bless the Lord, O my soul, and all that is within me, bless his holy name!

Jan. 1, 1817. Ah! how melancholy to write a new date.

Uncertainty, is written on future time. This coming year to *me*, may be full of the most important events—it may land *me* on the shores of eternity; and on some accounts, I feel more than usual solemnized at this season. How the wheels of time roll! My life passes with the rapidity of the "post boy," and like his, the place of destination cannot be far off. To the Lord I would commit the coming year, whether prosperity or adversity, life or death, is to be my portion.

Jan. 4. I attended the Wednesday evening lecture. The words of the text, "This year thou shalt die," spoke forcibly to every reflecting mind.

Jan. 7. Sunday was not as happy a communion season as the last. I could not realize divine things

as I wished, and my sluggish soul was fettered by the world. I have since felt the invariable consequence of such a state of mind, and could not rest in God as usual. This morning I sought him whom, (I trust,) my soul loveth, in fervent prayer and supplication. My own concerns, and those I love, are at the disposal of infinite power, guided by infinite wisdom: why should I then fear? Free agency is indeed mine; but if I pray for direction, God will not suffer me to run fatally astray. I commit my way to him, and pray, that he will lead me through his *own* path to eternal glory.

TO HER SISTER IN NEW HAVEN.

*Charleston, Jan.* 8, 1817.

My Dear Sophia:—The idea, that another portion of our probation has expired, and the uncertainty what awaits us during the new period of time on which we have entered, produces a temporary gloom in a reflecting mind. But our *past* experience, dear S., of the goodness of God, should lead us to trust him *unreservedly* for the future. The *rapid* flight of time ought to produce no uneasiness in our minds but what arises from a consciousness of its misimprovement, and the dangers our souls must encounter before we reach that place "where time shall be no more." The veil of obscurity, which wraps the future, leaves the same ground for hope,

as fear; and it is certainly more our duty and our interest to trust than to distrust. The sunshine of grace may be warmer, and the smiles of Providence sweeter, than we have ever yet experienced. Anticipation, as respects *temporal* good or evil, is a word with which christians have nothing to do.

I enjoy myself better than when I was here before. There is certainly a spirit of greater seriousness, and the few ladies who compose the little society who meet for prayer on Saturday evenings at Dr. Palmer's, manifest a state of mind, and pursue a course of conduct, that I never witnessed before in this place.

About ten days since, at 4 o'clock P. M., the inhabitants of Charleston experienced a slight shock of an earthquake. We felt nothing of it, and the general panic in a few days subsided. The night before last we were visited by a much more severe one. The shock was so violent as to throw books from shelves; and the people in the city left their beds in terror. We were still unconscious of any thing uncommon, till informed of it by others; though I felt, on rising, a sensation resembling sea sickness, which is the usual effect. Dear S., how little we realize our dependence on God, when even the earth that bears us, carries in its bosom the materials for its own destruction, and but for the restraining power of its Maker, would soon return to

its original chaos. The most important truth, relative to matter, for us to know, is, that God fashioned the world according to his own wisdom,—that second causes are the instruments he uses,—that his power can continue its usual state of harmonious order for millions of ages, or destroy this work of his hands partially or wholly, as he sees best. At all times *his children* are safe, even in that day "when the heavens shall pass away with a great noise, and the elements shall melt with fervent heat; the *earth* also, and the works that are therein, shall be burned up."

I know not how it is, but without the faith of assurance, and *almost* without evidence of possessing *any genuine* faith, meditations on the character of God, in seasons of danger and trial, are the *props* which sustain me. O! how often has the contemplation of his character given support to my soul, when I could find it in nothing else, and even when I knew not that I had *any* interest in his favor, through Jesus Christ.

Give my respects to Mr. Linsley, and submit to his opinion two questions, and let me know his decision, viz: Is it right to let expediency be the motive for forming a matrimonial connection? Is it right for a professor to marry a non-professor? Do not suppose I am acting a double part, or that I have in the least degree implicated myself. My sincer-

ity has bordered on incivility, and my fear of giving false encouragement, has made me sometimes almost rude.

We have heard the death of S. L., and Capt. L.'s child. Poor aunt Lines is indeed afflicted. Tell all the family we sympathize with them sincerely. Distribute my love and compliments as you think proper; remembering me particularly to cousin Sarah Lyon. Is Mrs. Garfield in New Haven?

Jan. 27. The fear of man is a snare, in which I have been repeatedly caught, and betrayed into sin. To fear man is to fear a shadow,—a passing shadow. One *realizing* thought of death would repress this fear, and make us fear Him whose displeasure is indeed dreadful. This winter, considering the latitude, is very cold. I have thought much to-day of my friends in the northern states, who experience the rigors of a keener atmosphere, but hope they enjoy the sunshine of grace.

Feb. 1. Habit is powerful; and how important, then, to establish good ones. In nothing is the influence of habit seen more clearly than in the government of the temper. If anger is *successfully* resisted in one instance, it is more easy to do it the second time, and so on till resistance become a *habit*, and then victory is certain. On the contra-

ry, the mind is weakened every time we yield to temptation, and our power to oppose it becomes less and less. One fall prepares the way for another, till at last the mind becomes like "a city broken down and without walls," and exposed to the full power of the enemy.

Feb. 2. I have heard a sermon to-day on christian meekness, which was very needful for me at this time. My pride has been painfully wounded by a friend, from whom I have ever experienced the utmost kindness. Perhaps I was mistaken; but if not, christian meekness requires that I should suppress every unpleasant feeling, for pride is surely the source of this uneasiness. Humility is the parent of mental tranquillity, and pride the prolific cause of trouble and disquiet. Help me, my Savior, to copy thy bright example in the exercise of this sweet spirit.

Feb. 8. On Wednesday the ground was covered with snow, and every tree and shrub incrusted with ice. In a southern latitude, where there are so many evergreens and flowers in full bloom through the winter, this appearance was as beautiful as it was novel. Every object glittered in the sun, and nature was indeed clothed in her most splendid garb. But O! how far these earthly splendors fall short of the glories of the New Jerusalem. Yesterday I received letters from my mother, Eliz-

abeth, and Sophia. My dear friends are all well, and I would thank my God for this mercy.

Feb. 9. I have heard a sermon to-day on the joys of heaven; but the subject was treated in so heartless a manner, the preacher hardly appeared to be in earnest. He seemed to carry all his hearers to heaven as a thing of course; he mentioned so lightly the necessary qualifications for that state. How melancholy that this responsible station should be filled by men whose views of religious truth are so superficial, and whose christian experience is so doubtful. The majority of every congregation need exhortation to "flee from the wrath to come," and the very few who sustain the opposite character, are far from requiring *opiates*.

Feb. 17. I habituate myself to a course of self-examination of the day past, every night when I retire to rest. O! how much I find wrong in my temper, disposition, and conduct. What need of sanctifying grace.

Feb. 19. The two or three last days I have spent in nursing. Sickness in the family engrosses my time and attention day and night. I pray God to qualify me to discharge the duties of my present situation to his acceptance and glory.

Sabbath noon, Feb. 23. O! this vain, this ensnaring world. My soul is sick of it. I long for the pure joys, and the pure society of heaven. A

few more suns, and I have done with earth forever,—a few more changes, and the last great change will come. O! that it might usher me into a purer region,—a fairer mansion,—where my blessed Savior sits enthroned in glory, and shines with unclouded light through the wide dominions of the New Jerusalem.

Feb. 26. Last evening I omitted a little act of self-denial that conscience told me I ought to perform, and dearly did I pay for it. My sleep was broken,—my mind agitated,—and this morning I arose with a heavy gloom upon my spirits, which continued until tears and prayers brought my soul relief. I prayed with earnestness, and I trust the Lord heard me from his holy hill, for the burden is removed.

March 3. We little prize mercies in possession; but when removed, we clearly see their value. Sickness in the family for the last two or three weeks, has made me feel that health is indeed among the greatest temporal blessings. My time and attention are engrossed night and day; but I thank the Lord that nothing alarming yet appears. My advantages for becoming eminent in piety,—useful to my fellow beings,—and for securing a crown of glory in the world to come, appear to me uncommonly great. "To whom much is given, much will be required," is a text which ought to be

continually in my mind, and produce a corresponding effect upon my conduct; for time is short, and what is done must be done speedily.

March 10. How weak is my faith! My dear sister is sick; and though I am assured, by my own reason and the opinion of others, that there is nothing alarming in her situation, yet at times my heart sinks with apprehension. Bunyan's "All Prayer" is my only refuge; and blessed be God, that is still open for me through Christ.

TO HER FATHER IN NEW HAVEN.

*Charleston, March* 12, 1817.

How much cause we have, (though we are occasionally visited with sickness,) to thank and bless our God that our lives are thus far continued, while so many families of our acquaintance are called to mourning, because some beloved member is removed by death.

Dr. Dwight's labors on earth have then ceased. His son, and Mrs. Harrison, who were fellow passengers with us, have both lost a parent since they left home. Mrs. Boardman, (excellent woman!) has without doubt entered into rest. But her *gain* is indeed the *loss* of her family,—the community in which she lived,—and the church of Christ. The termination of Henry Sherman's earthly pilgrimage, is indeed most melancholy; but I trust he has

made a happy exchange of a world of sorrow, for one of everlasting peace. His life has been uncommonly exemplary, almost from his birth; and few persons have attained his age with so few stains upon their profession. If his religious tenets became unsettled during the last few weeks of his life, so were all the faculties of his mind; and a disordered intellect, as it destroys *free agency*, so it also destroys *accountability*.

We are all in good health, excepting Emelia, who has been extremely distressed with a complaint in her face, and had three teeth extracted without getting any relief. She thinks she is now better, and is sitting up in bed. I am very careful to prevent her taking cold, and am now writing in her chamber. Little Joseph has just returned from school, and says I must tell grandpapa that "he stands at the top of the class." I do not know what kind of class it is; but I strongly suspect in his school, "kissing goes by favor." However, he says he went up by spelling the word Lock. A famous class you will say, to be able to spell such important words. Little Thomas is as full of mischief as ever; and when we endeavor to stop him, he looks at us with a threatening aspect, and says, "What do you mean?"

The theatre last night was almost destroyed by a mob; of course the plays are suspended for the

present, and this is a happy circumstance. Farewell my dear father.

March 17. A week of trial has passed, and I am astonished and alarmed at my want of faith. If I sink in this streamlet, what shall I do in the swellings of Jordan? Four weeks confinement in a chamber of sickness has taught me some self-knowledge. I have discovered that my faith is alarmingly weak. The bare apprehension that God might deprive me of a beloved sister, filled me with dismay, and my soul sank within me. But as God graciously reserves dying strength for a dying hour, should he will me to a trial of this kind, I hope he will bestow grace sufficient for the day, and not leave my feeble spirit to sink under the trial.

March 26. My sister is gradually recovering. I hope I feel a sense of gratitude to God for his mercy to me and mine. Those are happy who bear patiently that kind of trial God is pleased to send. It betrays great self-ignorance to suppose that ours are the only insupportable ones, and that we would much easier endure those of a different kind. If we murmur under one cross, we may reasonably conclude we should under another. If we meekly bow under the weight of a *present* bur-

den, we may hope for strength under the pressure of future ones.

March 30. A heavy rain has prevented my attending church; but as this is a *providential* hinderance, it is my duty to submit cheerfully. The soul needs the outward exercises of devotion, just as the body needs food; and the soul grows feeble, and sinks into a spiritual lethargy, without the means of grace.

April 3. My present situation has a thousand mercies, and a thousand sources of enjoyment; why then should I wish to change it? However, I am willing, if such is evidently the will of God. I only ask for divine influence and direction. My times are in thy hands, my God.

April 10. My mind, yesterday and to-day, has been agitated and apprehensive of evil. Should a worldling ask me what I feared,—and I should answer, that I feared the temptations of Satan, I should be considered in a state of derangement. But it is so. I am not ignorant of his wiles,—I know the weakness of my faith, and therefore I fear.

April 18. My mind is perplexed. I fear to act, and I fear to refrain from acting. O! for a clear discovery of the path of duty. It is dangerous for those who have been *awakened*, not to say *converted*, to act contrary to the will of God. They may do it, but they run themselves into the thorns, and

will assuredly be wounded and bleeding. There is no safety but in acting right, obeying God, and keeping close to the gospel standard, without regarding the pleadings of selfishness. Preparation for death is the one thing needful.

TO A SISTER IN NEW HAVEN.

*Charleston, April* 18, 1817.

Before this reaches you, dear Sophia, you will learn from Emelia's letter, that poor Mrs. Ann Bennett is no more. The last night she passed in this "vale of tears," I watched with her; and when I left her, at nine o'clock in the morning, for the purpose of attending church, (it being sabbath,) we entertained hopes that she was better. But alas! it was like the last flickering of a flame before it expires. She died suddenly in the evening. She has had a strong presentiment during the whole of her sickness that she should not survive it. Her friends, and we among the number, have endeavored to dissipate her apprehensions; but the event has proved too well founded. She took leave of her family with perfect composure, and expressed entire resignation to the will of God.

Does not God *sometimes*, my dear sister, send these mental impressions as instruments of preparation for that approaching change which *he* foresees? Does not His blessed eye look upon, and

pity the soul hurrying to his awful bar, naked and unconscious of its nakedness? Does not his grace in Christ Jesus interpose, and put that soul upon seeking an Advocate at that bar, before the hour of arraignment arrives? I believe he *sometimes* does; and happy, thrice happy, are those who are not "disobedient to the heavenly vision." I have put on mourning, as I perceived it was the wish and expectation of the family.

Young Faber is apparently near the closing scene; but as the *material* part decays, the *immaterial* appears to brighten. His natural reason is clear, and his perception of divine truth very uncommon, considering the disordered state of his intellect for some time past. He dies with all the quietness and simplicity of a little child. His life has been, according to human judgment, of the most harmless, inoffensive kind. Books have been his companions, and he has hardly known any other; and was alike ignorant of the world, and ignorant of its vices. He feels a willingness to die, lest protracted life, (to use his own language,) should be increasing his sins.

Miss B., and Major Lines, intend remaining here till next spring. From my whole heart I can say, The Lord lead me, and guide me, and make me willing to act in this matter according to his will. Never did the enlightened soul gain any thing by

acting contrary to the dictates of duty. It may be done; but God can meet us at every turn, and make us smart for our presumption. This consideration makes me afraid to follow my own inclination, which would be to return home. "Charity seeketh not her own," and perhaps I am *now* called upon to act in conformity to this standard of self-denial; and should I do otherwise, *regret* might pursue me to the end of my days. Many arguments, for and against the measure, continually crowd my mind, and keep me undecided. Nothing that Mr. Bennett or Emelia can do to make me happy, is wanting; and their *wishes* on this subject you will know. Should I stay, it would indeed be "seeking not my own."

April 21. Much cause have I for thankfulness. The sun of providence shines warm upon me, and my heart feels, in some measure, a sweet sense of its obligations to God. When I meditate upon the distinguishing goodness of God to my soul, I feel *constrained* to love. Whatever the world thinks, real religion produces real happiness. "The love of God shed abroad in the heart" by the Holy Spirit, is *pure unmixed* enjoyment. Yesterday, I enjoyed some happy moments, and to-day, my mind has been *peaceful*. Let my soul rejoice that "the Lord reigneth." "My times are in his hands," and sure-

ly, when I have received so much from him, I ought to trust futurity to him without anxiety. Lord Jesus increase my faith, increase my love, and increase my joy in thee.

Saturday. The scene around me is beautiful. Vegetation is now in full luxuriance. The tide is high, and flows almost beneath my window; a fresh breeze tempers the warmth of "the noon-tide hour," and every object appears calculated to inspire mental tranquillity and joy. Ah! how grateful my soul should be, that no blast of adversity is now gnawing my heart, and casting a sable mantle over the charms of nature. Others are smitten, but I am spared. God makes me to differ, not surely because I am better, but because his grace in Christ Jesus so wills it. Forbid, blessed God, that I should be spared in anger, and write laws of gratitude upon my heart for the Redeemer's sake.

Tuesday. Two points at present perplex me, and I know not what to do. Had I more faith I should not experience this uneasiness. I am called to exercise my *free agency*, and a fear that I may hereafter regret my conduct fills me with anxiety. Human judgment is fallible, and no finite mind can know the end from the beginning.

TO A SISTER IN NEW HAVEN.

*Charleston, April* 22, 1817.

I THANK Mr. Linsley for his answers to my questions. He has said all on the subject that the scriptures authorize, and private opinion is nothing, because human judgment, even when sanctified, is fallible.

In reading the bible in course, I came to the books of Ezra and Nehemiah, at the very period when direction seemed necessary. The people of God, you recollect, were required to separate from their partners, even after they had families of children; and this appears to be an *intimation* of the path of duty to be pursued by christians under the gospel dispensation, excepting in cases where marriage has actually taken place. On this point the opinion and language of the apostle is full and explicit, that the believer must abide with the unbeliever, &c.

There *may* be cases where a contrary course would be justifiable, and should my affections become engaged, self-love might *persuade* me that *my own* case was one of this number, so powerful is the principle of self-love in the human heart. The burden of my daily prayer, for some time past, has been, that the intentions of God towards me and the feelings of my heart might correspond; and the

longer I offer up this petition the more indifferent I become. Is not this circumstance an *intimation* of the will of God? We must not expect a *revelation* to determine us in particular points of perplexity.

I have written but twice, and those letters concealed no part of my sentiments, so that I have done nothing worthy of censure, even in the judgment of the person most concerned. I cannot think *duty* requires me to take so important a step, merely to comply with the wishes and save the feelings of another, when my own mind is in this state.

Is it not a singular occurrence in Providence, dear Sophia, that although many times it has been at my option to change my situation, never yet have I been addressed by one whom I could regard as a christian? This circumstance has sometimes led me to think that God has designed me for a single life. I write to you, my dear sister, with the utmost confidence; but I wish you not to mention the subject of this letter to any one.

I am going to town this afternoon to get something neat to send you and Elizabeth, by the Shepherdess. I hope you will approve of my taste as much as Mr. Bennett did of yours. How did mother like her dress? Ask her, from me, to send some little present to Flora. The faithful, good

creature, lives with us, and neglects nothing for our comfort.

There is a strong contest prevailing now, with respect to settling a colleague with Dr. Palmer, a Mr. T., who, to the astonishment of all, has openly declared himself a Socinian. This infatuated party still adhere to him, and the issue is doubtful. Major Theus informed me, when in town, that he had cleared Capt. Lines, of course our letters, &c., must be dispatched.

April 23. The Shepherdess sailed this morning with a fair, brisk wind, and will probably soon reach my native city. My mind is perplexed,—I am uncertain what is duty with respect to remaining here this summer, and no one can direct me.

May 7. How my will rises in rebellion when called to take up the cross! Self-love pleads powerfully, that these things ought not so to be, and self-will creates a great portion of our sufferings through life. What a happy thing is a quiet submissive temper.

Thursday. I pray God to influence me by his grace in my present concerns. I pray to be kept from presumption on the one hand, and slavish fear on the other. I pray that I may act according to the will of God, and feel easy as to consequences. I earnestly pray that my present course may be

such, that I may hereafter reflect upon it with approbation and comfort. These mercies I ask in the name of Jesus.

Friday. To-day my mind has been calm, though thoughtful. Many circumstances unite to convince me of the rapidity of time, and the probable nearness of death. But no matter, if God by his grace will prepare me for the great change; for with truth I can say, "Lord what a wretched land is this?"

May 18. Have sent a letter to brother William. When I awake in the morning, a gloom shades my mind, and I know not what course to pursue. I entreat the Lord not to leave me to myself in this uncertainty, but to influence my mind in choosing that course which he will approve and bless.

Sabbath. There is nothing this side the courts of heaven that will satisfy my soul. *Emptyness* is written on every thing, and my heart finds a void in all it looks to for enjoyment, that pertains to this world. The blessed God has heard my prayers, and in some instances, granted my petition. But I have found it failed of bestowing that happiness I expected; and then my foolish heart would reach forward to something else. The truth is, the soul was destined, at its creation, for a region far, far beyond this scene of things, and *here* it is not at home. The soul passes through this world, as the traveler

through a wilderness—it finds no permanent rest, no satisfying food, no uniform, continued light. Now and then, a ray gleams across its path, and for a season illumines the darkness. Sometimes a cluster of the grapes of life hangs within its reach, and it plucks and eats—and sometimes it rests, sweetly reposing on Christ. But, anon, these comforts vanish, and again a dreary way lies before it.

May 20. Yesterday I took tea with Mrs. Stiles. After my return, my mind became agitated, and a fearful apprehension rushed into it, that Satan and inward corruptions, were again renewing their attacks. But God was better to me than my fears, for although my sleep was broken, yet to-day I am calm. Let my soul bless the Lord for his mercy, and protecting grace.

May 24. Yesterday I accompanied a party to Sullivan's Island, and returned by moonlight. I have been almost continually in company, for a week, and as I am situated, it seemed necessary; yet nothing tends more to interrupt a spiritual course of thinking, than commerce with the world, and therefore, christians should avoid it as much as possible. Some intercourse with those we cannot regard as the children of God, is unavoidable; but duty requires that they should not be our chosen companions, and the enjoyments of the world afford no permanent peace.

May 26. Yesterday attended church, but the day passed without spiritual improvement. I listened, as though I listened not,—I prayed as though I prayed not,—I sang, but without feeling or interest; and the ordinances of God's house appeared lost upon me. O! how I try the patience of my God!

May 27. How often the voice of lamentation assails my ears. Few, among those we call the children of this world, will own themselves happy, and how few, even among christians, can suppress the language of complaint! Great God, assist *me* to act a wiser part. Let me think of the mercies I enjoy, as well as the crosses I am called to bear. Influence me to say, with Job, in sincerity of heart, "Shall we receive good at the hand of God; and shall we not receive evil." In a few instances, during the last two or three days, I have been enabled to preserve my mind in the state I wished, in a time of temptation. I thank my God for this token of his favor; and pray for his assisting grace, in every moment of trial, hereafter. Watchfulness and prayer *insure* the aid of the Spirit, and the sinner may charge every fall into sin, to his own perverseness, or to his own indolent negligence.

May 31. The doctrine of free-agency, so earnestly contended for by some, gives no comfort to my soul. Could I feel as if I was, strictly speaking,

like "clay in the hands of the potter," and believe that all my actions were under the *irresistible* influences of the Spirit, I should be satisfied. But conscience assures me this is not the case, and therefore, at times, my mind is pressed with regret for the past, perplexity for the present, and apprehension for the future.

June 2. The arrival of another season, has found me in happier circumstances than the last. O! that the next may also bear testimony, to the distinguishing goodness of God to me and mine. I acknowledge myself wholly unworthy of mercy, and deserving of judgments; still, I pray for sparing goodness. O! keep us from sickness, and all evil, blessed God, if consistent with thy will and our best good, for the Redeemer's sake!

Monday. The last week has furnished me with a most humiliating proof of my low state, in moral goodness. I am indeed most vile. I am ashamed before God, for he sees my heart. What rebellion against his providence,—what ingratitude for his mercies,—what distrust of his goodness. A trifle will make me murmur,—a trifle will make me despond! O! let me exercise more watchfulness; and may the blessed God increase my faith and patience. I heard a sermon yesterday, from these words, "What is man, that thou art mindful of him." True enough, I thought, what is man, that

the great God should regard him? and what am *I*, that the Majesty of Heaven should hear my prayers, and grant my petitions, as he frequently does?

June 13. Yesterday, I heard of the death of my grand-mother. She died, May 29, in her ninety-third year. What a change she has experienced. Sickness, sorrow, old age, and the pains of death, for perfect health, unmixed joy, perpetual youth, and life eternal. A *long* course of piety, puts all doubt to flight, and we may feel satisfied, that she has entered into the rest of heaven.

June 15. How few of those who call themselves christians *realize* that on this morning our blessed Savior rose from the dead? How little do they think of that awful morning yet to come, when the earth and the sea shall cast forth their dead, and all flesh stand before God. O! may I stand at the right hand of the Judge, and be found in him, and to God shall be all the glory, Amen.

### TO A SISTER IN MEREDITH, N. Y.

*Charleston, June* 18, 1817.

Your letter, dear Sarah, was to my heart "good news from a far country." Do write as often as is consistent with your necessary duties and avocations.

Charleston furnishes many things to attract the notice of one born in, and habituated to a northern climate. Just below my window are two fig-trees,

loaded with fruit, nearly ripe ; a little farther, pomegranate-trees in full blossom, with a beautiful scarlet flower ; and not far distant, orange-groves, that produce abundantly. The flowers here, possess a richness and fragrance, that a northern latitude cannot boast. We have had a profusion of blackberries, plumbs, pears, apples, &c. Most kinds of vegetables for the table, we have had several weeks. But with the good, we must take the evil. To enjoy these gifts of providence, so early, we have been obliged to endure the heat of a burning sun, and to-day there have been thunder and lightning, appalling to human nature. Thus it is, my dear sister, with every thing of a worldly nature, through life. Every good has a mixture of evil,—every enjoyment its attendant anxiety,—and every treasure its alloy. Blessed be God, there is a better state of things beyond the veil which hides eternity from our view ! In that world of perfection, there is no sting, no bitterness. The sins and the sorrows of the wilderness will be left behind ; and perfection of beauty, perfection of happiness, and perfection of glory, will reign triumphant.

Farewell, dear sister, kiss your sweet children for me. Tell Eli I love him, and wish and pray for his welfare, as if he were my own child. Once more, farewell.

June 19. To-day sent a long letter to my brother and sister at Meredith. May God bless them and their children. "Neither distrust or tempt the Lord," was an exhortation given me some time ago, and let my soul remember it. My Savior, I look to thee,—Thou art my strength. Order all things in mercy.

June 23. Perhaps my present situation contains as few trials as any one; and this consideration should teach me contentment. Sometimes I feel disturbed, because I am prevented from doing what I *know* to be according to the dictates of reason and duty; but this also may be right as respects me, for it may be self-will more than conscience, that influences my mind. In all things I ought to glorify God, by inwardly examining my motives, and outwardly practising moderation, where absolute sin is not concerned.

Friday. Meditation on the operations of Providence, might afford a fund of instruction, had we wisdom to improve it. In taking a retrospect, what *goodness*, as well as *wisdom*, we discern in those events, that once appeared so distressing; and when we remember our feelings under them, we blush with shame. Surely our ignorance of what is really worth possessing, as respects this world, should make us *moderate* in our wishes, and *calm* when they are disappointed. But our conduct is very

different from this. We form extravagant wishes, and expectations,—pursue our object as if we *knew* our temporal happiness depended on its possession, and if we fail, sink into despondency and dejection.

Sabbath 29. I am called to practice a severe piece of self-denial, and to bear a heavy cross. The season has now arrived, when it is deemed imprudent, and even presumptuous, for me to visit the city; of course, I must relinquish public worship for three or four months. This is indeed a severe trial,—so severe, that I sin in my extreme restiveness under it. So many things at home, interrupt, and prevent a spiritual frame of mind, that it appears impossible to keep my soul from sinking, and dying, if confined here. But with God all things are possible; and in his *power*, my heart has often found rest. Almighty power, united with consummate wisdom and mercy, form a resting place of triple strength, and thither my soul flies in seasons of trial.

Wednesday. As there is nothing can compensate for the loss of God's favor, it is madness to seek for any thing contrary to his will. The possession of a desired object, without the approbation of God, can yield but momentary satisfaction to a mind that knows by experience, the joy that results from the light of his countenance; and the horror and darkness of his frown.

July 4. The whole city is a scene of rejoicing and gayety. While others are thus engaged in celebrating the day, let me also remember the events of "other time." Four years ago this day, I was in this town, watching by the bed-side of my sick sister, in a state of mind wholly beyond the conception of any, who had not experienced it. Now I enjoy the smiles of providence, and I hope the smiles of grace. Let my soul bless the Lord.

Sabbath. The subject of the sermon this afternoon, was death. The exercises of the day, and the communion season, interested my feelings more than usual. Perhaps the consideration that this might be the last sabbath I should enjoy public worship this summer, and perhaps the last I should ever enjoy, produced this effect. O! whatever is before me, let me trust in God and cling close to Christ.

Monday. O! how my heart revolts at taking up the cross. Every day I find proof of this alarming truth. If there is any one sin that predominates more than others in my bosom, it is self-will; yet I find what appears so important in my eyes one day does not so appear in the next. Why does not this experience teach me to view things in the calm light of christian moderation.

TO A SISTER IN NEW HAVEN.

*Charleston, July* 8, 1817.

You may rest assured, dear Sophia, that my letters would be more frequent, did not writing interfere with what I *know* to be the discharge of positive duty. I mention this merely to explain my conduct, and not to utter a complaint. Elizabeth has appeared to think my silence the result of neglect, when, could she see the cause, she would not only justify me, but willingly forego the pleasure of receiving letters, that I might devote my time to the assistance of E., and the care of her children.

Who would have thought, ten years ago, that New Haven would ever have presented such a scene on the arrival of a republican President? Such parade accords but little with the simplicity of a republican government. It seems too much like London and Paris. Papa's judgment respecting such things is right and rational. The time and money expended on this occasion might certainly be devoted to far better purposes. In the days of the millenium no pagentry of this kind will be witnessed or approved; and surely it is the duty of the christian community *now*, to form their *taste* according to the standard of *that* day.

In answer to your question, I reply, that my acquaintance was definitely settled in the negative

last May. I believe I acted according to the dictates of duty, and my mind feels lightened of its burden. In a connection of that nature the path of duty lies between two extremes. To form a union where *fancy* is the *only* bond of agreement, is little short of insanity. On the other hand, if we listen to the maxims of wordly prudence, when our own affections are uninterested, we practice a sort of imposition on the other party, and sell ourselves to a kind of degraded slavery for life. In either case the blessing of God cannot be expected. Let principle be the basis, and the structure will be firm.

I am glad you find time and opportunity to pay Mrs. Stiles some attention. Her departure was wholly unexpected to us, and to her, till within two or three days of sailing. The feeble state of her sister's health induced her to take this voyage. I am truly sorry to be absent from home when she is there. Emelia and I wish you to give our love to Mary Lines, and tell her we hope her trip to Charleston has been of service to her health. Tell mother we long to hear that she has recovered from her nervous complaints. Give my love to father and William. Remember me affectionately to all the neighborhood, particularly Sarah Lyon.

I feel sometimes *peculiarly* desirous of being at home this summer—so much so, that it is difficult

to subdue my feelings. But why should I? If I am filling up the part assigned me by God, it is sufficient. "Life, death, and hell, and worlds unknown, hang on his firm decree." It is *impossible* to prolong the first, or delay the second, by a change of place or circumstances. It is easy, most easy with God, to make those things which appear threatening, conducive to our preservation,—and those events that seem adverse, instrumental in promoting our eternal happiness, and even our temporal enjoyment. With this conviction on the mind, why should we be so solicitious to crave our own portion; especially when convinced by experience that we choose at random, or like children, select the very things of all others, the most hurtful and dangerous?

O! I feel this morning a weight upon my spirits that I cannot shake off: but think I can say, "this is my infirmity," and there let it rest. Write soon and inform me of *all* that happens. Those things which appear trifling to you, being present, are deeply interesting to me at this distance. We have written four times in six weeks, surely we have not been so very remiss.

July 11. To-day my mind feels oppressed by misgiving and a fear of evil—but I have so often experienced the delivering goodness of God, that hope and faith spring up in my bosom. Let me look to God and lean on Christ, and the cloud may

soon disperse. If I lived nearer the throne of grace, I might defy the tempter, for he dare not approach the presence of Infinite purity and excellence.

Sabbath, 13. Another sabbath of mercy has dawned upon me, and another morning sun has enlightened this part of our earth. In heaven there is a perpetual sabbath and an everlasting day. My soul! are you in the way to this blessed region? Do you live "as seeing Him who is invisible?" Let me bless the Lord, that amidst all the rubbish of my sins, backslidings, doubts, and misgivings, *hope* springs up, and sparkles like a diamond in the mine.

TO A SISTER IN NEW HAVEN.

*Charleston, July* 14, 1817.

You appear, my dear sister Elizabeth, to write in some degree of alarm on two accounts. You fear in *general* that Charleston is sickly, and in *particular* that I am imprudent in exposing myself to danger. But as far as I am capable of judging, your fears in both cases are groundless. We take a daily paper, and the number of deaths do not exceed those of last winter. I have been regularly to church, and observed the cases of sickness mentioned. Last sabbath there were two of lingering complaints, and the sabbath previous none, which in so large a congregation could hardly be expected, at any season. With respect to myself, I am now in

good health, and I mean, as far as human prudence can go, to preserve it.

Our health is no more our own than any other gift of God; and what is not our *own*, we certainly have no right to trifle with. This consideration should make us strive to preserve this valuable blessing, even if self-love was out of the question. But too much care sometimes defeats the end for which it is exercised; and I might feel so *very* anxious as to produce *real* sickness. The right line of conduct is, to use the *means* of self-preservation, leave the issue with God, and then make ourselves easy; for, after all, we *must* depend on the Maker of our frames to keep them alive.

July 16. I add a few lines that you may hear from us by the *latest* date. We are all in perfect health, excepting Emilia, and she is getting over her sickness. The children are playing horse, through the room, and almost deafen me with their noise. J. says I must tell grand-father that he reads about the boy stealing the old man's apples. T. is entirely different from J.; but though so turbulent in his disposition, he has some noble traits of character. He will not take any thing in J's absence, without having half cut off and laid up for his brother, and when his father promises to bring him something pretty from town, he always says "bring one for brother too."

Write particularly respecting mother. I hope that God has graciously restored her bodily and mental health. E. and myself greatly desire that she should visit Meredith. Could not brother William go with her, and leave her there for a while. Farewell, dear Elizabeth.

July 20. I find it a great piece of self-denial to stay at home on the sabbath, though my reluctance *may* not arise from a right motive. Habit, the example of others, and many other things, may operate to make it desirable to me, when a sanctified improvement of the privileges of God's house, may have but little influence. The path of duty in this case is doubtful, but the path of inclination is not. How strange it is that any should voluntarily deprive themselves of the privilege and pleasure of public worship.

Sabbath, July 27. The day is remarkably cool for the season, and I have ventured once more into town, and attended church. Perhaps it is superstition, but I feel far less fear of becoming sick, in consequence of breathing town air, by attending church on the sabbath, than if I ran the same risk for the purpose of visiting, or pleasing myself any other way. When *duty* calls, we may confidently place ourselves under the protection of God, perform our part, and leave consequences to him. But when we are led by our *own* spirit, seeking our own grat-

ification *only*, we have no right to expect the favor and providential care of God. It is *presumption* to run into danger, without being called, and then expect God to preserve us from the effects of our own imprudence; and it is unbelief to distrust his power to save us when doing his will.

TO HER FATHER IN NEW HAVEN.

*Charleston, July* 28, 1817.

It is but a few days since we wrote by Capt. L., but as I know your anxiety to hear often from us at this season, I now write again. E. is still feeble, though comfortable; other members of the family are well.

Mr. B. has gone down to one of the Sea-Islands on a fishing excursion. The party stay in palmetto houses built on the beach, or in tents of their own construction. Mr. B's two brothers, J. and I., with their families, have gone down also. Our going, at this season of the year, was out of the question. The time is spent in fishing, hunting, and bathing, and this forms a fashionable amusement for several days. Mr. B. sent us a note yesterday with some fish, and expects to return to-morrow. We have just received a letter from Sarah. She complains that she has been in M. four years and that none of her father's family have yet visited her. I know, my dear father, it is a long journey, and I suppose ap-

pears like a great undertaking, still I hope you and mamma will attempt it this summer.* Mamma's complaints are of that kind that medicine avails but little,—riding, and a change of air, and new scenes would probably do much. When I think how far I am from my dear parents, and that I may possibly never return, as life is so uncertain, I feel a peculiar anxiety that every thing possible should be done for the health and comfort of both.

J. remembers his grand-father perfectly, and every day, after eating apples or pears, he takes his knife and cuts the parings as they lie on the table, as you used to do, and says "grandpapa does so." T. has been making up a present for you. He says he will send grandpapa some sugar plumbs, some marbles, a horse-whip, and a screw-driver. The last article is very valuable in his eyes, because his father refuses to let him have it.

Provisions of all kinds continue very high in Charleston, and the crops are in danger of injury from the continued and heavy rains. Almost every day we have rain; but in the city the hot sun

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* The parents of Miss Lyon, were performing this journey, when the tidings of her death arrived in New Haven. The health of her mother was benefitted, and she bore the shock with exemplary christian submission, as coming from the hand of her heavenly Father.

soon dries it up. In the country alone the consequences are feared. Charleston is very healthy as far as we know. E. and I live entirely at home, but find our time fully employed in taking care of the children and the domestics. Please give our love to mamma. We have been trying to get something to send her, but Mr. B's absence has prevented. Farewell, my dear father.

Aug. 3. A death took place last Monday that excited some alarm,—and I found that *realizing* the *certainty* of death rather more than usual, filled my soul with dismay for several hours. The difficulty is, I have not the evidence of a holy life to give me *boldness* in death. My faith, I believe, is right, resting on Jesus Christ; but my life does not correspond. O! how watchful I ought to be! How careful to keep my lamp trimmed and burning. I feel this truth, and yet temptations throw me off my guard. *Salvation by grace* is a sweet doctrine indeed to the soul that sees help no where else.

Aug. 6. My last letters from home was dated July 2; and so unusual a silence makes me anxious. Several instances of the "stranger's fever," have spread alarm and terror through the city. My dear sister's health is very much impaired; and my mother's accumulated infirmities, make me tremble for her life. Thus situated, where can I go for help but to God. He can restore health, and continue

it. *He* can preserve life in the midst of pestilence; and what is far more, He can save the soul, when the body descends to the tomb. O! my Savior, to thee I commit the keeping of my soul,—deal mercifully with me, and call me not away from this world, until by faith in thee, I am prepared!

Aug. 8. My mind is calm to-day, though the same causes for anxiety remain. I hear nothing from home,—the city is panic-struck, and I see trouble and danger on every side. God has carried me through many trying seasons, and therefore I ought to trust him now. My friends, my life, my *all*, are in his hands, and therefore let my soul rest satisfied.

EXTRACT OF A LETTER FROM MR. BENNETT, TO THE FATHER OF MISS LYON.

*Charleston, Aug.* 9, 1817.

We all remain in excellent health; but fearing the effect which improper, exaggerated, and distressing accounts, relative to the health of Charleston, may produce on yourself and family, I have deemed it my duty to state our present situation, and my arrangements for the future. This I shall do for the present weekly. We now reside in my house on Harleston Green. For its situation, advantages, reputation for health, &c., Capt. L., Mr. H., or any of the students from this city, can give you ample information. I now declare

to you, I never knew, or heard of any instance of the fever originating in this neighborhood, and I have been here from my infancy. I have consulted five different physicians, and have their unanimous opinion that they think my family quite safe. Not satisfied, however, I have taken a house on Sullivan's Island, and shall, upon the least *approximation* of disease, remove there. Considerable alarm has existed; but so far as I know, not more than eight or ten persons have died with the fever, and those in the vicinity of the wharves, and that part of the city where it has always heretofore been confined.

I regard so tenderly the anxiety you may have felt, or will be subject to feel, that but for the season of the year, and the danger of equinoctial storms, I would have taken my family immediately to the northward. I feel the sacred obligations that lie upon me, and I pledge myself that nothing shall be left undone that ought, or can be done for the safety of my family.

That part of the city to which the fever is confined, has been emptied of its non-resident inhabitants. The United States barracks, on the different islands in the harbor, have been thrown open to the stranger; and the munificence of our local authority, with the *unbounded* charity of the citizens, have provided an ample support for those

who have been obliged to relinquish their respective avocations. The islands afford a sure and safe retreat; and the citizens have undertaken to see that nothing is wanting to the support and comfort of the stranger.

CONTINUATION OF MISS LYON'S JOURNAL.

Aug. 9. The two last days we have been visited by a heavy storm; and as God works by means, I hope this agitation of the elements will be instrumental in his hands of purifying the atmosphere, and checking the progress of disease. Death is indeed the "king of terrors," and we are bound to preserve life as long as possible, although we know we must at last submit to his dominion. Christ has conquered death; and this consideration is the christian's *triumph*, even while smarting under his power. O my Savior! let my soul triumph in thy victory in the trying hour, whenever I am called to exchange worlds.

Aug. 12. Yesterday I received "good news from a far country," in a letter from Elizabeth; and I thank my God for ending my anxiety on this subject. To-day my heart is heavy. Sometimes I feel as if I could not pass through what I see before me. Care, anxiety, perplexity respecting myself, &c., all conspire to weigh down my spirit.

Aug. 14. "Whoso offereth praise, glorifyeth me,"

saith the great and ever blessed God. A cheerful spirit, springing from right motives, is, (we have reason to think from scripture,) acceptable to God; and therefore we ought to *cultivate* it, as unto God, and not unto men. But alas! how prone is my heart to sink under trouble. How desponding I often feel under the trials of life. O! that I was like my happy namesake, who sat at the feet of Jesus, and *cared only* for "the one thing needful."

Sabbath, Aug. 18. This morning of the day of the Son of man, finds me in possession of much mercy. Sickness is raging in the city, and my health is thus far preserved. Many have been called away by death unprepared, while I have a longer time allowed me for prayer, and for seeking the mercy of God in Christ Jesus. Let me remember these distinguishing mercies, and who it is that causes me to differ, and strive to live according to benefits received.

Aug. 19. Yesterday there was company here, and my mind was necessarily engaged while they remained; but when I retired to sleep, I felt anxious and depressed. This is indeed a season of trial,—but I pray God to prepare me for whatever awaits me, whether health or sickness, life or death. O! let me trust in God! and be no longer "faithless, but believing."

Aug. 21. My mind is so harassed, that I hardly

know what course to think best. An aching head, an aching heart, a perplexed judgment, and an agitated mind, almost at intervals upset my reason. I have been praying this morning that God would remove the evils I feel, and avert those I fear; and the burden of my soul is a little lightened. Help me, great God, to trust in thee, and wait thy time of deliverance.

Aug. 26. This is a morning of mercy. Sickness rages in the city, and we are exempt. Death is removing numbers, and we are spared. The last four days my mind has been exercised with different emotions; but prayer has been instrumental in allaying its agitation. Let me watch against sin, and trust in God. This is *my* part.

Aug. 28. O! how the world, and the cares of life, destroy the bliss of spiritual enjoyment. My soul mourns at feeling this truth. "Return, O holy Dove, return," and warm my heart with the rays of the "Sun of righteousness." Sometimes I do indeed feel that my Savior is all in all. I feel weaned from this "sin worn world," and almost on the wing to depart; and then the world, sin, and the great enemy of my soul interfere, and bind me again to the polluted earth. The idea of eternity is lovely, when I think of spending it in praising God.

Friday. Received a letter yesterday from mo-

ther, and another from Sophia. The letter contained a piece of information which caused me a momentary agitation. Meditating on the providene of God, soon calmed my mind; and I lifted my soul to him with gratitude and submission. "His ways are perfect."

Sabbath, Aug. 31. Let my soul bless the Lord for the light of this pleasant morning; for "hitherto he has helped me." Serenity and peace seem to smile upon the face of nature, as I contemplate it from my window. The rising sun,—the declining moon,—the clear blue sky,—the unruffled, "gently flowing" Ashley,—and the distant woods that bound the prospect, all unite to render this morning scene lovely, and this early hour soothing. But O, reverse the scene! The adjacent city is agitated, groaning, and dying, beneath the ravages of the pestilence, and the more fell ravages of *sin*. The dying struggle,—the blackening corpse,—the rattling hearse, and the closing grave, are sights at which frail humanity shudders, and stands appalled. Yet these soul-harrowing objects are daily and hourly witnessed within a short distance of this tranquil and beautiful scene. Let my soul bless the Lord for the light of this pleasant morning, for "hitherto he has helped me."

Tuesday, Sept. 2. My life is still prolonged,—my health is still continued, though multitudes near

me are falling beneath the pestilence. My mind, however, (I hope through the influence of prayer,) is generally composed and tranquil on this subject. "The issues of life and death" are with God; and safety is with him, and him alone.

Thursday, Sept. 4. I never felt so much as if my life was suspended by a hair, as I now do. The fever rages, and attacks strangers only. This may be the season for my departure,—my Maker only knows. I endeavor to prepare my mind for the *worst*. But O! it is a great and solemn thing to exchange worlds. Faith in Christ is the only preparation.

Friday, Sept. 5. To-day I feel universally ill,—but thanks be to God, my mind is calm. I do not feel frightened. I trust I shall be carried through *whatever* awaits me; for I have prayed for this mercy, and by experience I know that God answers prayer.

These were the last lines penned by Miss Lyon, and were probably written in the afterpart of the day, as she was not indisposed at breakfast, and now speaks of feeling "*universally* ill." She doubtless knew the nature of the disease with which she was attacked, and its fatal power over the constitution of strangers; and of course, the great proba-

bility that the angel of death had now arrived to execute his commission.

Her afflicted friends at the north derived much consolation from the evidence these lines afforded them, that she regarded the scene before her with peace and composure. They were particularly soothing to the minds of those who had known her spiritual conflicts, and those agonizing doubts which at times assailed her. Believers know that death affects no moral change in the soul, and merely regard it as a passage from one state of existence to another: still it is pleasant, when reflecting on the last hours of a pious and beloved relative, to learn from her own hand, that a faithful God has rendered her strength equal to her day.

EXTRACT OF A LETTER TO THE REV. NATHANIEL W. TAYLOR, OF NEW HAVEN, FROM MR. BENNETT.

*Charleston, Sept.* 12, 1817.

Dear Sir:—It has pleased Almighty God to remove from us by death, our beloved sister, Mary Lyon. With feelings too acute for utterance, and a mind bowed down and broken, with severe affliction, I have ventured to request that you would convey to her parents and relatives, the melancholy intelligence. Clothe it, my dear Sir, with all the consolations of religion,—mitigate its appalling severity with all those gracious promises with which

the scriptures abound. You knew her devotedness to the cause of her Redeemer. You knew her overcoming faith,—her meek submission. Death had no sting for her. She dwelt with firm reliance on the promises, and bade the world farewell, with a fortitude that marked the child of God. She never murmured, or repined, or cast one lingering look behind, but breathed out her spirit to Him who gave it; and on this morning, at three o'clock, sunk to sleep on the bosom of Jesus. Her afflicted sister has been wonderfully supported; and I trust *her* consolations will never fail her. O pray for us, and for her afflicted parents. Soothe their sufferings, if they can be soothed. My feelings overpower me. Farewell.

EXTRACT OF A LETTER FROM DR. PALMER, OF CHARLESTON, TO COL. LYON, OF NEW HAVEN.

Dear Sir:—Your children in this place have been expecting and intending to remove, for a month or two, to an island in the neighborhood of our city, remarkable for its superior health. But after considering the matter a while, it was concluded to abandon this design, and continue where they were, confining themselves entirely to the house, and not exposing themselves to the heat, or to the atmosphere of the interior of the city. But we cannot escape disease. Shall I conceal the

painful truth any longer, which, after every preparation to meet it, must come like a dagger to a parent's heart? The lovely, interesting, and pious Miss Lyon, is no more! The sad duty of performing her funeral service,—a duty sad indeed, as well from the great regard I bear the family, out of which she was taken, as for the respect I had for her own excellence and worth,—was devolved on me the day before yesterday, and was performed in presence of a company of as deep and sincere mourners as ever assembled on such an occasion.

The last time I called to see Mr. and Mrs. B., was yesterday. On parting with this afflicted pair, Mr. B. said I would confer a particular favor on him by writing you,—that he could not do so yet, so keen were his feelings,—so deep was his distress.

I pray God, that as the "comforter of those who are cast down," he would appear for your relief in this emergency, and enable you to say, "It is the Lord, let him do as seemeth him good."

Your sympathizing, tho' unknown friend,

BENJ. M. PALMER.

EXTRACT OF A LETTER FROM MR. BENNETT, TO COL. LYON, OF NEW HAVEN.

*Charleston, Sept.* 15, 1817.

In what language, my venerable and afflicted parents, shall I address you? Where find words to solace and compose the anguish of your wounds? Or where shall I seek for fortitude to execute my melancholy, heart-rending duty?

Our dearly beloved Mary rose on Friday morning, 5th inst., in the enjoyment, as she supposed, of uncommonly good health; and remarked, after eating breakfast, that her appetite had been unusually good during the whole summer. When I returned, at two o'clock, Mary complained of being indisposed; nevertheless, sat at table, and ate a little dinner. In the afternoon, her indisposition not being perceptibly abated, I urged her to take some slight medicine, to which, after much entreaty, she acceded. Against her wish and desire, I called in a physician, who prescribed for her; and on Saturday, her symptoms had considerably abated, and what fever she had, almost gone. In the course of that day, or night, she had an accession of fever; but it yielded, as before, to the medicine offered her; and the physician assured us, on Monday morning, that her disease was taking a favorable course, and that our sister was progressing to health.

On Wednesday, her fever wholly left her, as the physician assured me; but I felt alarmed at the evident prostration of her strength. Other symptoms, at noon, determined me to call in the assistance of two other physicians, those of greatest eminence among us, who, after an attentive examination, declared that they saw no cause of alarm, and prescribed for her. On Thursday morning, her situation was, to my mind, dreadfully alarming,—nor, unhappily, was I mistaken. The disease had assumed, unexpectedly, and suddenly, a most fatal aspect; and notwithstanding all that was within the compass of human ability to do, or human skill to devise, was done, death triumphed over the object of our tenderest affection; and our beloved, and ever to be remembered sister, yielded up her spirit to Him who gave it, and on Friday morning sank to sleep upon the bosom of her Savior and her God.

Mary, during her last illness, spoke but little; and after it assumed a dangerous complexion, did not speak oftener than to answer the inquiries of her physicians; but her countenance and manner leave no doubt upon my mind, that her thoughts were fixed on God. On Thursday morning she took a sort of farewell of me; and after that she did not take notice of those about her. She did not appear to endure great pain; on the contrary, she was free from bodily anguish. Mary was at-

tended by three of the most eminent physicians of this city; and all that the utmost devotedness of friends could do, or could be expected, or wished for, was anxiously offered. Nothing was left undone that the whole circle of friends or relatives could suggest or devise; and the exalted estimation in which she was held, was attested by the brothers, sisters, friends, and acquaintances, who mourned in bitterness and sorrow her unexpected departure.

Thus I have struggled through this heart-rending detail. It was a sacrifice due to you, and I have performed the painful duty.

Weep not, O! disconsolate parents! Weep not, O! broken hearted brother and sisters, as those weep who have no hope. Mary is not dead, but sleepeth. She has exchanged a world of sorrow and tribulation, for that world where sighing and sorrow shall be heard no more forever! Do you ask for consolation! Look at the *whole life* of that best of daughters,—dearest of sisters. Remember her steady, unwavering faith. What object appalled it? What danger shook it? Remember her steady adherence to the precepts of her Lord and Master.

May the God of consolation ever be with you, to comfort and support you under this righteous dispensation. Your afflicted, and mourning son,

JOSEPH BENNETT.

The following lines were sent by a friend from Charleston, soon after the death of Miss Lyon, which, for their appropriateness and beauty, are inserted here.

O! there was one, on earth awhile
She dwelt, but transient as a smile
That turns into a tear:
Her lovely image pass'd us by,—
She came like lightning from the sky,—
She seem'd as dazzling to the eye,—
As prompt to disappear.

Revolving her mysterious lot,
I mourn her, but I praise her not,—
To God the praise be given;
Who sent her like the radiant bow,
His covenant of peace to show,
Athwart the passing storm to glow,
Then vanish into heaven.

EXTRACTS OF TWO LETTERS FROM THE LATE MRS. SUSAN HUNTINGTON, OF BOSTON, TO MRS. E. FITCH, OF NEW HAVEN.

*Boston, Sept.* 23, 1817.

When have you heard from Charleston? The sickness there makes me very anxious about our beloved Mary. Dear girl! were she to fall a victim to this distressing epidemic, how many hearts would bleed; how irreparable would be the loss to

her family. But I hope, that the God who has repeatedly carried her through the most trying scenes, will still spare her to contribute, by her pious and disinterested exertions, to the comfort of those friends, who have so often looked to her for it. I dread to look over the weekly list of deaths, lest a dear name should meet my eye.

*Boston, Sept.* 24, 1817.

Oh, my dear Eliza, your letter, containing the heart-rending tidings, has just been received. And why should I say heart-rending tidings? Shall that be deemed heart-rending, which is so unutterably for her advantage and felicity? But when I think of her dear mother, feeble and broken, wanting just such a steady arm as hers to lean upon; when I think of the dear sister whom she has left in a land of strangers; when I think of the church, which had her fervent daily prayers,—such prayers as not many offer on earth; when I think of myself, the tender sympathy she felt for me in affliction, the undissembled and faithful affection she bore me, which survived years of separation, and bore with all my frailties and follies; and then reflect that her friendship, her efforts, her prayers, for me, for others, for the church, are all at an end, how can I help mourning! bitterly mourning!

Oh, God of mercy, let her mantle fall on us who

remain! Let something of that meek, prayerful, holy, Christ-like spirit which distinguished her, be communicated to us, and abide with us continually. Alas! little did I think she was going to Charleston to find her grave. But she died as she lived, magnanimously, disinterestedly and cheerfully sacrificing her own desires and comforts for others.*

The subjoined remarks were written by a member of her father's family a few weeks after her death, and before any of her private writings had been seen. Mary was remarkable for sincerity, and a fearless discharge of what she considered duty, whatever were the consequences; and if censured or blamed, remained silent, or meekly repeated what she had said, or defended what she had done, when she thought her duty required it: but when she failed of producing conviction, ceased speaking, and committed her cause to God who judges justly.

She cultivated in an eminent degree, a spirit of forgiveness. I do not believe she *ever* suffered "the

* The situation of Mrs. B. rendered a removal to Sullivan's Island, or New Haven hazardous. Mary, therefore, believed it her duty to continue with her sister, and leave the issue with God.

sun to go down upon her wrath :" and was ever ready to ask pardon of others, for any unadvised word she might have uttered, after a long course of provocation from them.

She was as *peculiar* for kindness and attention to the sick, as she was indifferent to her own health, and bodily pain and danger. She never allowed herself to speak evil of the absent, and seemed distressed, when direct appeals were made to her of that nature, what part to act. The characters of *all* were safe with her. I do not believe *anything* but a thorough conviction that the honor of God required it, would have induced her to speak of the sins of the openly *profane in a promiscuous company.*

The remains of the subject of this memoir, were enclosed in a triple coffin of lead, mahogany, and oak ; and early the ensuing spring conveyed to her native city, and recommitted to the earth, in the new burying-ground, which had so often been the scene of her pious meditations.

A family monument has been erected to the memory of her parents, since deceased, with the following inscription on one of the plates.

MARY LYON,
DAUGHTER OF WM. AND LOIS LYON,
Born Oct. 17, 1780.
Died in Charleston, S. C., Sept. 11, A. D. 1817.
Her remains were deposited in this yard,
Feb. 1819.
She early chose Jesus Christ for her portion,
And with an intellect of superior order,
Sensibilities gentle and refined,
and unwavering fortitude,
She exemplified and adorned
the precepts of the christian religion, in the discharge
of all her relative duties.
Unshaken faith was her companion in the last
trying hour, and
Illuminated her way to happiness and
Eternal existence.

In Miss Lyon's long season of spiritual desertion, during her first residence in Charleston, she informed a friend after her return, that the life of Haliburton, was an instrument in the hands of God, of keeping her soul from despair; justly reasoning, that if one true believer, had been long deserted, and was again visited with the light of God's countenance, such might possibly be her case. She appeared to consider the lives of those christians, who had been assailed by doubts, temptations and despondency, as superior in usefulness to those, who, (from their constitutional organization, or other

causes,) enjoyed a more equable state of feeling, and an abiding hope. She probably considered the former class, as constituting the larger portion of believers; or that desponding christians most needed the consolations and supports, which the lives of kindred spirits could afford. Her remarks on the life of Haliburton, first induced the compiler to suppose it a duty, to give hers to the christian community. But many providential hinderances have hitherto prevented its execution.

If this little volume should fall into the hands of any, unacquainted with the trials of a christian's life, it may seem incomprehensible, that one represented as eminent in holiness, should so often complain of sin, and aggravated sin. To such it may be observed, her standard was the gospel requirements, which is perfection; and that she did not speak of what she had said or done, but her feelings and her thoughts. There is no doubt, that an envious, or resentful emotion, unexpressed by words, and unknown to all, gave more poignant distress to one of her high spiritual attainments, than malice and revenge, *long indulged*, and exerted in devising plans to injure its object, would to those "hardened through the deceitfulness of sin."

She speaks of her failure in relative duties; when perhaps her scrupulous discharge of these, was a prominent trait in her character. The omission of

one small act of self-denial, in her self-denying life, gave her the deepest repentance; when the world pursues one course of selfish indulgence, without a compunctious thought.

Blessed with a pious and faithful ministry, she highly prized the privileges of the sanctuary; and her attention was such, as enabled her to record the text after her return home, and give a short sketch of every sermon she heard, for several years, with two or three exceptions. Yet she often complains of her inattention to the preached word, and her wandering thoughts.

Those who have never made the Scripture their standard can form no adequate idea how sin, the character of God, and the law of God appear to the humble and contrite heart. Yet their ignorance is no excuse, because it is voluntary. The apostle declares that even "the heathen are without excuse, having the law written on their hearts; their conscience also bearing witness, and their thoughts the meanwhile, accusing or else excusing one another:" then what can the impenitent hearer of the gospel plead?

Perhaps the experienced believer may discern some disproportion in the christian graces of the subject of this memoir: that while her hatred of sin, and her godly jealousy over herself, were so conspicuous; she did not at times, fix the eye of

faith as steadfastly on Christ, as his dealings with her seemed to demand. Had her blessed Savior been on earth, perhaps he would sometimes have addressed her in the language, (Luke, xxiv. 25,) "O ! slow of heart to believe."

However difficult it might have been, at some periods, for her to appropriate to herself those promises and consolations, which the Spirit held out for her acceptance, her confidence in God, based upon a cordial belief of his perfections, was extraordinary. The sentiment expressed in one of her letters, was often repeated in conversation. That meditations on the character of God would compose and tranquillize her mind, when she had little or no evidence that she possessed his favor. She never appeared to fear or dread death in her dark seasons : but ever seemed to regard God, as a good and glorious Being ; and to justify *all* his dealings with herself and others. "Though he slay me, yet will I trust in him," appeared to be the language of her heart.

As she made up her opinions, and arranged her plans with much prayer and deliberation, it was not strange that she held them with some degree of tenacity ; or that it required a struggle to relinquish them, and adopt those of others, who, she supposed, did not employ the same means to ascertain what was the best course. Yet none was more anxious to receive advice, or more grateful for it,

when offered by pious or experienced persons. Indeed, she seemed afraid to "lean to her own understanding," or act on any important point at all, without advice from the pious and judicious. She had a long struggle in her mind, whether it was *trusting* or *tempting* God, to attend public worship in Charleston, (which was her desire,) during what is called the sickly season, and after seeking advice elsewhere, she took the trouble to write to a christian friend of much experience, at the distance of eight or nine hundred miles, to obtain his opinion on this subject.

Matthew Henry somewhere observes; "that a tender spirit will be a mourning spirit." And, "that a good man, in such a bad world as this, cannot but be a man of sorrows." The subject of this memoir had certainly many sorrows. The sins of her own heart were her daily burden, and at some periods, it appeared to be almost insupportable; and she was grieved at the sins of others. Her heart was pained, that so many professing christians, aimed at no higher attainments in holiness, and were so little careful to regulate their conduct and *conversation* by the precepts of the gospel. She was pained to see the unconverted pursuing their fatal course, and that she could not convince those with whom she had social intercourse, that they were blind to their highest interests, and that the end of

an impenitent life, would be death eternal. She earnestly longed to have things, which appeared so plain and clear to her mind, plain and visible to others. And she felt sorrow in her heart daily, at the blindness of mind, and hardness of heart she witnessed.

Christians have many sorrows peculiar to themselves, nor do they always enjoy that hope of final acceptance, which would enable them to sustain these and other troubles of life, which are common to all. Were christians always to enjoy on earth, the light of God's countenance, would it not be fruition? and where would be room to exercise faith or hope? "For what a man seeth, why doth he yet hope for?" yet "godliness, (in the highest sense,) hath the promise of the life that now is, and of that which is to come." And this declaration is gloriously fulfilled in this, that the godly shall be kept through this life, however tempted or tried, from committing soul-destroying sins, and final apostacy.

It seems a sort of unbelief, to dwell so much on the sufferings of any christian during this brief life, when the race is so soon run, and the faithful christian victor crowned with immortal glory. If any individual of the human family were to endure a few moments of suffering, succeeded by a long life of uninterrupted health and enjoyment, all would consider him a happy being, and no thought be

given to his momentary sufferings. Still two finite durations can be compared; but who shall compare time with eternity! Endless eternity! stretching far, far beyond the conception of any intelligent being, but that glorious One, who "from everlasting to everlasting is God!"

It is sweet, with what light revelation affords, to trace the soul of the believer, from the couch of suffering, to its entrance into the New Jerusalem, "that city which has no need of the sun, neither of the moon to shine in it, for the glory of God doth lighten it, and the Lamb is the light thereof." "And the throne of God and the Lamb shall be in it, and his servants shall serve him; and they shall see his face, and his name shall be in their foreheads." "And he that sitteth upon the throne shall say; it is done. I am Alpha and Omega, the beginning and the end. He that *overcometh* shall inherit all things; and I will be his God, and he shall be my son." "And God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes, and there shall be no more death, neither sorrow nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain." "And there shall be no night there: for the Lord God giveth them light, and they shall reign *forever and ever.*"

THE END.

ERRATA.

Page 9, line 21, for No divine illumination, read, As divine illumination.

Page 77, line 14, for human-like spirit, read, Haman-like spirit.

Page 137, line 12, for perfectly satisfied, read, perfectly sanctified.

Page 138, line 19, for She had, read, He had.

Page 173, line 27, for Mr. N. Dewit, read, Mr. N. Hewit.

Page 174, line 22, for would I waive, read, would I carve.

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